DALY CITY RECORD

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BY J. L. BROWN | DALY CITY, SAN MATEO CO., CAL., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1913 | VOL. 5. NO, 39

SUPERIOR COURT

ses Pending, in Progress, Settled, With Interesting Details to San Mateo County Folks

he civil case of Ira M. Cobe vs. n Hayden and others, which has n pending for a long time, has n dismissed.

illiam S. Tevis, the San Fran- o financier, has filed two suits ng for a restraining order pre- ing the Lundborg Company, Ken- Morgan and the First National k of Livermore from selling $5000 th of bonds. The bonds were given Tevis as security on two prom- ry notes which will not mature l next February. The bonds are he United Power and Light Com- y, San Francisco, Oakland and San Consolidated Railway, Natomas npany and Oro Electric Company.

PROBATE MATTERS

decree ordering the final distribu- of the estate of Mrs. Agnes vard Hayne, who died in Italy last has been filed in the office of the nty Recorder. Judge Buck made order after the appraisers had their report showing the estate be valued at $285,383.51. Mrs. ne left the entire estate to her band, Stephen Duncan Hayne, who take care of their minor daugh- Miss Agnes M. Hayne. The es- consists of large tracts of land San Mateo and Hillsborough repre- ting the deceased's interest in the ie and Howard estates.

ulia Oakes has applied for letters administration upon the estate of rick Oakes, who died at Colma on uary 8, 1896. The estate consists lots 1 and 2, block 6, and lot 72, k 7, School House Extension tract Colma, valued at $2400. The heirs law are the petitioner, wife of de- ed, and James P. Oakes, Edward Oakes and Annie T. Harrison, chil- n, and Mary L. Tuohy and Elisie Tuohy, grandchildren, all residing Colma. Henry W. Brown is at- ney for the petitioner.

H. G. Plymire has applied for let- s of administration upon the estate Mary Crocker, who died at St. ena on September 16, 1913. The ate consists of property in Vista nde valued at $1000. The heirs law are two brothers and a sister iding in Oregon.

delheid Otten has applied for let- s of administration upon the estate Carsten Otten, who died at Lomita k on August 18, 1910. The estate ists of an undivided one-half in- est in lot 9, block 2, in the Mira- ntez tract near Half Moon Bay ued at $100. The total value of estate does not exceed that ount. The deceased left a will bear- date of December 20, 1887. The titioner, who is the widow of the ceased, is named as sole executor d is the sole heir.

BUILDING CONTRACTS

The following building contracts ve been filed in the County Re- rder's office:

Martin Peterson agrees to do the inting on the south wing of the cred Heart Academy at Menlo Park 30 days for $2171. The wing is a ree-story brick structure. Smyth ros. agree to do the lathing and plas- ring in 60 days for $6868 and the inting and patching in 10 days for 50. Kiernan & O'Brien agree to in- all the hot water house-heating and omestic hot water generating sys- m in both the south and west wings the institution in 130 days for 271.

Frederick W. Snook & Company grees to do the plumbing work on he new addition to the Geo. A. Pope sidence at Hillsborough by March 1914, for $398.

MARRIAGE LICENSES

Paul I. Fagan, age 21, and Marie ussell, age 18, both of San Fran- isco.

Horace F. Frye, age 22, and Hazel . Chamberlain McDowell, age 20, oth of San Francisco.

MUNICIPAL EFFICIENCY GIVES PEOPLE LOW RATES

Tacoma's Electric Plant Furnishes Power at Half Cent per Kilowatt

By Edward P. E. Troy

The health, comfort and convenience of its citizens and the development of its commercial interests have always been the leading issues in the municipal life of progressive Tacoma. Every effort is made to protect the people and the city from the greed and corruption of public-service corporations.

The high rates of the private company caused the city to take over the water and electric plant in 1893, at a cost of $1,750,000. Since then the distribution plant has been extended and an inexhaustible supply of pure soft water secured from the mountains, which now furnishes 48,000,000 gallons daily, or enough for a city of half a million population. With 16,146 services installed in 1910, the gross receipts were reported as $402,,469, and the operating expense $173,753.

The electric plant taken over at the same time controls the lighting of the city, no company being permitted to compete with it. As a result, Tacoma's citizens have always enjoyed the lowest electric rates. When San Francisco was paying 10 and 12 cents, the municipal rate in Tacoma was eight cents. For many years current was purchased from a company at a wholesale cost of one and one-half cents. The city maintained the entire distribution system, and its highest rate was six and one-half cents.

The rapid growth of the city caused such an increase in the consumption of current that an investigation was made to provide means for future supply. It was found that the current supplied by the company cost it half a cent to generate, and the city was charged one and a half cents for it. A power site was acquired, bonds were voted, and a plant constructed at a cost of $1,824,017, from which Tacoma is now being supplied with 32,000 electric horsepower. The plant is of massive construction, the machinery of the most modern type, and all of the equipment up to date.

The efficiency and superiority of municipal ownership is illustrated by comparing the capital cost of $57 per horsepower of this publicly owned plant with that of the Pacific Gas and Electric Company's new Drum plant, which cost $5,000,000, and is advertised to furnish 33,000 horsepower, a capital cost of $151 per horsepower, or more than two and one-half times as much as Tacoma's plant. This also shows the greater advantage to the people of municipal ownership over "regulation" of public utilities.

The people, and not the private interests, are to get the benefit of the economical construction and operation of this municipal plant. Rates have been reduced to a minimum. The Tacoma Municipal Bulletin states that, although the rate to the manufacturers of the city has been reduced to half a cent per kilowatt (the lowest rate of any city in the United States), and the domestic power rate is but one cent, the revenues for the year have shown a profit of over $100,000. The city council has pledged itself to reduce rates 10 per cent on the first of January.

The manufacturers of Tacoma now have a distinct advantage over their competitors in Portland, San Francisco and Los Angeles. The latter have to pay from four to ten times as much as they do for electric power.

In order to protect themselves from accident, the municipal plants of Tacoma and Seattle have connected their wires. Each is thus made safe in case of breakdown, and will be able to furnish surplus current to farmers and small towns between those cities.

Crop Damage From Weather

Speaking at Cambridge, England, before a conference of agricultural teachers, the director of the British Meteorological Office ventured the opinion that bad weather cost the farmers of the British Isles an average of £20,000,000 (about $97,000,000) a year.

Throughout the world hailstorms alone are said to annihilate upward of $200,000,000 worth of crops annually, and this is but an episode in the warfare waged by the elements against the tiller of the soil.

The

Daly City Record

Extends to All

Best Wishes

for a

Merry Christmas

REDWOOD CITY RUMBLINGS

Joseph S. Miguel, the Montara farmer and politician, was a visitor to the county seat last Thursday.

George W. Lovie has returned from the Peninsula Hospital at Palo Alto much improved and well on the road to recovery.

C. A. Stone, the local station agent, and wife left Saturday morning for Los Angeles to spend a vacation of three weeks in the south.

Florence, the nine months old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Brown of this city, passed away last Thursday from pneumonia.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Lewis, who have been residing in Oakland since leaving here four months ago, have returned to Redwood City to live.

Miss Ethel Swain, a former high school teacher here, but now connected with the San Jose high school, was a week-end guest of Miss Wolfenden.

Mr. and Mrs. John Dielmann have gone to their former home in Los Angeles to spend the winter, after spending the past four months at the Sequoia Hotel in this city.

Captain John Owens, for 50 years a resident of Portola, died at Scottsville, Illinois, November 23. Sixteen months ago he went East to spend the remaining years of his life with his brother. Deceased was 90 years old and was a member of Bay View Lodge, I. O. O. F., of Redwood City for 40 years.

Superintendent of Streets J. C. Dickey is engaged in planting beds of Broadway from the Stafford corner to Mesembryanthemums on both sides of the public library. This pretty flower blooms all summer and its pretty red color is very attractive. The beds in front of the court house last season were much admired by visitors.

The pupils of Notre Dame Academy last Friday fittingly observed the ordination anniversary of Father Sullivan, the beloved pastor of Redwood City. An interesting program was arranged by the little ones, who rendered it in a manner that called forth praise and much applause. Father Sullivan was well pleased and in a pleasing address, thanked the school and the kind sisters for the honor they had done him.

T. B. Nichols, foreman of the Redwood City Democrat, and wife departed for Los Angeles Monday to be present at a reunion of the Nichols family on Christmas day. Mr. Nichols' aged mother, sister and other near relatives will attend. The dinner will be given at the home of Mrs. Emma Stephens, a sister of Mr. Nichols. The visitors will remain in the south for three weeks, making trips to all points of interest in Southern California. Mrs. Nichols is a prominent club woman of this city, and also takes a leading part in the affairs of the Relief Corps. Their many friends wish them a pleasant journey.

Eight-Hour Day Law

According to reports from the office of the Secretary of State at Sacramento, the eight-hour day initiative measure now has enough signers to insure its being placed on the ballot at the next State election.

The wiser a person is the more foolish his blunders appear to be.

THE COST OF LIVING

It has been said that the pure food law has operated to increase prices and that it is one of the reasons for the high cost of living. That is not so. The pure food law has increased food values, but not food prices. It is true that spices which five years ago could be bought for 15 cents a pound now sell for 25 cents a pound; maple syrup which formerly sold for 60 cents a gallons is now worth $1.25 a gallon; 10-cent flavoring extracts have been replaced by 25-cent products. But this increase in price does not mean that the consumer is paying more for his foodstuffs than formerly. It is more economical to buy pure spices at 25 cents a pound than spices containing 50 per cent of ground olive stones, cocoanut shells and sawdust at 15 cents a pound.

To those who love the flavor of maple syrup, the genuine product at $1.25 a gallon is far more satisfactory than an artificial product at half the price, and the housewife who pays 25 cents for a bottle of vanilla instead of 10 cents for a worthless imitation is actually saving money and reducing the cost of living instead of increasing it, for the bottle of today will go five times as far as that of former days and at the same time be much more satisfactory. The price of the great food staples—flour, rice, corn, beef and sugar—is absolutely uninfluenced by pure food laws. They may be higher today and lower tomorrow, but their cost to the consumer depends on the available supply, influenced by the expense of preparation and transportation.

ARTICLES OF INCORPORATION

The following articles of incorporation have been filed in the County Clerk's office:

The Shafter Realty Company incorporates with a capital stock of $20,000 divided into 2000 shares of a par value of $10 each. The purpose of incorporation is to engage in the purchase of real estate. The principal place of business is San Francisco. The actual amount of stock subscribed is $30 by the following stockholders, who have subscribed one share each: Ellen F. Shafter, William F. Sawyer and Florence H. Cavanaugh.

The F. T. & H. C. Knewing Company has incorporated with a capital stock of $20,000 divided into 200 shares of a par value of $100 each. The purpose of incorporation is to engage in the contracting business in San Francisco. The actual amount of stock subscribed is 41 shares, by the following stockholders: F. T. Knewing, San Francisco, 20 shares; H. C. Knewing, San Mateo, 20 shares; C. N. Morton, Alameda, 1 share.

APPRAISERS' REPORTS

A. Sturla, R. F. Chilcott and Geo. Wright, appraisers of the estate of Frank Limacher, deceased, have filed their inventory and appraisement. The total value of the estate is placed at $3020.86. It consists of money in the hands of the executor amounting to $740.86, a gold watch appraised at $5 and real estate in and about Colma appraised at $2280.

RECORD-BREAKING MINERAL OUTPUT OF UNITED STATES

Six Times the Value of the Production of a Generation Ago

The value of all minerals produced in the United States in 1912, according to figures just compiled by Edward W. Parker, statistician, of the United States Geological Survey, reached the record-breaking total of $2,243,630,326. This is more than six times the value of the production in 1882, 30 years ago. During that period the population has not quite doubled, but the per capita output of the mines has increased from $7.27 to $23.47.

During these three decades the value of the output of some minerals has made a striking increase. The value of the pig-iron product, for instance, has increased from $106,000,000 to $420,000,000. copper from $16,000,000 to $205,000,000; gold from $32,000,000 to $93,000,000; lead from $12,000,000 to $37,000,000; zinc from $146,000,000 to $625,000,000; petroleum from $24,000,000 to $163,000,000; natural gas from $215,000 to $84,000,000; cement from $3,600,000 to $69,000,000.

Still more striking illustrations of the growth of the mineral industry in the United States are the figures showing that, while in 1880 the total mineral production in the United States was valued at $364,000,000, in 1912 the value of the pig iron alone was $420,000,000, while the value of the coal production for 1912 was nearly double the total mineral output of 30 years ago. In 1880 the value of the mineral products was approximately $1,000,000 a day; in 1912 it was over $6,000,000 a day.

ALL MANUFACTURERS MUST ENROLL SOON

Every Factory, Workshop and Mill Must Register Before January 1

John P. McLaughlin, State Labor Commissioner, announces that the new law passed at the last session of the Legislature requires that all factories, workshops, mills and other manufacturing establishments in which five or more persons are employed, must register on or before January 1, 1914, with the bureau of labor statistics. All new factories, etc. must register within 30 days after commencement of business, and all changes of location must be filed within 30 days after change.

Blank forms for registration may be obtained at the office of the Labor Commissioner, 948 Market street, San Francisco, or at the branch offices in Los Angeles, San Diego and Sacramento.

The object of the new law is to enable the State to keep a record of the growth of its industries year by year. During the month of January of aech year the bureau of labor statistics will send out schedules to all the registered plants in order to obtain statistics on production and employes.

Failure to register is a misdemeanor and is punisable by a fine of not less than $25 nor more than $200, or by imprisonment for not more than 60 days, or by both fine and imprisonment.

California's High Mountains

The State of California has 70 named mountain peaks and 60 or more unnamed mountains, a total of at least 130, whose altitudes are greater than 13,000 feet above sea level. Twelve of these are 14,000 feet or more high. The highest is Mount Whitney, which is also the highest peak in the United States, with an elevation of 14,501 feet. Mount Williamson is the next highest, 14,384 feet. The elevation of Mount Shasta,probably the third highest peak in the State, has not been determined exactly, but it is generally credited with being about 14,380 feet high. Other mountains attaining more than 14,000 feet are: South Peak of White Mountain, North Palisade Mountain, Mount Russell, Split Mountain, Middle Palisade Mountain, Mount Langley, Mount Muir, Mount Tyndall and Mount Barnard.

Sister doesn't care how little she is wearing when her brother is around. But it makes an awful difference when some other girl's brother shows up.

PACIFIC COAST SIDE

What Our Neighbors Along the Pacific's Shore Have Been Doing, Are Doing and Will Do

A New Year's Eve party will be held at the Tavern in Marine View.

Mrs. Frank Baldwin and mother of Marine View are at Antioch for the holidays.

Mrs. H. E. Wagner and son, Hart, will spend the holidays at Chico with Mrs. Wagner's parents.

Mrs. A. E. Cline of Farallone visited her daughter in San Francisco Wednesday and Thursday of last week.

Mrs. Jennie L. Havice of Montara has gone to Orland to spend the holidays with her daughter, Mrs. Hazel Bucklin.

C. M. L. Nelson, who resides at Montara, has rented an office in the old Stumph store building opposite the Farallone post office.

The Marine View Tavern Company has carpenters at work making improvements on the exterior of the building facing the ocean.

Mrs. J. A. Hilton of Brooklyn, N. Y., arrived at Marine View last week and will spend the winter with her sister, Mrs. J. C. Morton.

F. Dalrymple, who has been working in San Francisco of late, is at present helping William Abbott on Sizir building at Farallone.

Messrs. Flink, Robinson, Metcalf and Sizir of Farallone went to Miramar last week fishing. We understand the catch was limited.

The next regular meeting of the Pioneer Club of Farallone has been postponed, and in its place the Club will hold open house on New Year's eve.

The Salada Beach Improvement Club held Christmas exercises Tuesday evening in the new school house, which has just been completed at a cost of over $6000.

Miss Lois Hagin of Berkeley visited Mrs. George S. McDowell several days last week. On her return home Mrs. McDowell accompanied her as far as San Francisco.

The Salada Beach Improvement Club will soon move into the new school house. Their rooms will be on the lower floor and are now being prepared for occupancy.

J. L. Posey has resigned as manager of the Half Moon Bay Light and Power Company, to take effect January 1, 1914. Mr. Posey has accepted a more responsible position with a larger company.

Walter Fahey, aged 81 years, who has been a resident of Salada Beach nearly 50 years, treated a large number of his friends to an elaborate Italian dinner at the Nocello ranch house. Dancing and cards also contributed to the pleasure of all.

Walter Jakobs, superintendent of the Montara Water Company, has installed a new pumping outfit for his company, which has a fine flow of water from the 112-foot artesian well recently drilled. They had to pass through 80 feet of granite before reaching water.

At a meeting of the Salada Beach Improvement Club, which is composed of members from that place, Brighton Beach and Edgemar, it was decided to rush the street lighting project, and the following committee was appointed with power to act: George Ross and John Fahey.

Miss Gladys M. Smith returned to her home in Los Angeles last week, after several months spent visiting friends in Moss Beach and Oakland. During her stay in Moss Beach she was the guest of her aunt, Miss Annie G. Smith. Miss Gladys spends a portion of each year at Moss Beach, and is planning to have her mother take a cottage there next summer.

George E. Dunn of the Coast Side Comet, with his little son, left for Los Angeles Tuesday to enjoy a family reunion and renewal of many old friendships there, it having been his home for many years. Mr. Dunn has been an earnest, faithful worker under many difficulties in continuing the publication of his paper and now that he is to enjoy a 10 days' repsite no one who knows him will envy him the pleasure his short stay will give.

Gustav Schreiber's Music Box

An Attempt to Produce Human Feeling Automatically.

By F. A. MITCHEL

In a Swiss chalet looking out on Lake Leman, directly below, and on Mont Blanc, in the distance, lived a musical instrument maker. His workshop was near his house, and all day he worked at making those little mechanical contrivances in which steel prongs are made to discourse melodies by means of a revolving cylinder.

Gustav Schreiber gradually increased the size and scope of his instruments, constantly endeavoring to make a better one than any he had yet made, and when he had done so setting out again to make a still more exact one. In this he displayed a human trait which, when kept within bounds, is a valuable one, but which uncontrolled is liable to produce bad results.

Schreiber in his old age set about making a music box which was to be far more wonderful than any he had yet produced. It was to play a dozen different melodies. Each melody was to be a gem and be rendered with a sweetness, a strength or a rapture equal to that of a human being. In order to accomplish this he must have the pieces he used played by a musician whose touch, expression—indeed, all those qualities that go to make up perfection in music—were of the highest order.

The old man found such a one in his daughter, Hilda. She was noted far and wide for her rendering of all kinds of music, from that portraying a cascade to that descriptive of the storm wind.

Schrieber kept Hilda playing for him, first trying to produce in his box delicate airs, and, failing in this, he tried different kinds, hoping to succeed better in one kind than another; but,

EVERY DAY SHE WAS OBLIGED TO PLAY FOR HIM.

though he secured some remarkable results, still there was something in Hilda's rendition of every piece that he could not reproduce mechanically. So fretted did the girl become that at last her power of expression deserted her and her music, instead of partaking of human feeling, became mechanical like the airs rendered by the box. Then the old man began to curse and swear at her, and at last, seizing her violin, brought it down on an iron lathe and broke it in pieces. Hilda fled to the house, where her sobs and cries reached the neighbors, one of whom, a woman, cried out:

"The devil take old Schreiber's music box! He will drive poor Hilda into bedlam."

Schreiber heard the woman say, "The devil take old Schreiber's music box!" and she had scarcely spoken the words when his gate clicked and, looking out through the open door, he saw a man walking up the steep path that led to the shop with a step as light as if he had wings at his ankles.

The stranger came straight up to Schreiber and with a smile—a singular smile, Schreiber thought—bade him good morning and said that he would like to buy one of his music boxes. Schreiber, making an effort to throw off his trouble, showed the man all the boxes in the shop, making each one play a tune, but none of them was good enough for the would be purchaser. At last the latter asked about the box under process of construction, and this led to his getting the whole story from the maker.

The stranger examined the box carefully, then said:

"You have an excellent mechanism here and should succeed in making what you have attempted. I am quite sure that I can do what you have failed to accomplish."

"You! Are you a mechanic?"

"I am."

"Very well. Take the box and do with it what you like. I have had enough of it."

"My dear fellow, do you suppose I would take something for nothing? That is a human business trait which is beneath me. But I'll tell you what I will do. I will complete your music box for you, and when it is finished it shall belong to you."

"That is very kind of you. Where will you do your work on it?"

"Right here, where the tools are handy."

"Will you work all day?"

"I shall work when the spirit moves me. A man cannot write poetry when he has a toothache nor compose harmonies when he is asleep. I may work in the morning or the evening or at the dead of night. It does not concern you or any one else when I work. But one thing you must remember—when I am at work I don't wish to be disturbed. If any one does so I shall not take it kindly."

There was a malignant look in the stranger's eyes when he said this that frightened the old mechanic and made him feel like saying a paternoster. He promised that the man should not be disturbed. Then the stranger said he must go, and Schreiber, locking the door of his shop, gave him the key, and he went down the declivity as lightly as he had come up. Schreiber called to him, asking when he would come again, but the only reply was a faint echo, "Come again?"

"That's singular," remarked Schreiber to himself. "I've lived here man and boy sixty years, and that's the first echo I ever heard. There are no hills nearer than the other side of the lake to send it back."

A week passed and nothing was heard or seen of the stranger. There was only one key to the shop, and Schreiber could not get into it without breaking down the door. But he had no desire to go there; he had wearied of trying to produce human harmonies on a mechanical contrivance.

One night there came from the shop sounds of music, not of a violin or a flute or any instrument that requires a human touch, but a music box. Yet there was nothing mechanical about it. Indeed, it was full of feeling. It was low and sweet, a lullaby. At times it would rise in a plaintive crescendo then gradually sink, softly, as it had risen.

Schreiber rose up in his bed and listened.

"Father," came a voice at his door, "do you hear the music? Isn't it delicious?"

Schreiber saw something white and knew it was Hilda in her nightgown.

"Yes; the stranger must have been working on the music box and is trying it. I wonder how he has done it."

"Let us go out to the shop and see."

"No, no, my child; he distinctly said that he must not be interrupted. Go to bed."

The music ceased and Hilda went back to her room. Then suddenly came a burst of melody entirely unlike what had gone before. It seemed as if it were intended to incite men to deeds of glory. There was a fierceness in it that the Schreibers had never heard before. It seemed as if an army were about to march to its death, dealing death in dying. Hilda ran into her father's room and to his bed, where she remained locked in his arms, the two trembling as if they were about to be slaughtered between opposing hosts.

The music ceased and all was still for some time, when it recommenced. This time it was a dirge, sad, regretful, the wail of a broken heart. The girl clung to her father till it ceased, when she broke into a hysterical sobbing such as she had given way to when her father had broken her violin.

One more piece came in this nocturnal concert, a piece that made the old man wonder how it could be produced on so circumscribed an instrument. At first a faint, low muttering was heard, then a gradually increasing roar, then shrieks mingled with deafening thunder.

"It is the storm wind," said Schrieber, holding his daughter closely to him.

The sounds increased—musical sounds interpreting a tempest—until it seemed that all the devils in hell had been let loose. The commotion ended with one vivid flash of real lightning and a crash of actual thunder. Then all was again still as the grave.

"Something tells me that the climax has been reached," said Schreiber to Hilda. "Neither human nor divine power could go further. We shall hear no more. Go back to bed."

Hilda, trembling, went to her room, but in a few moments called:

"Father, the shop is afire. Come to my room. You can see it through the window."

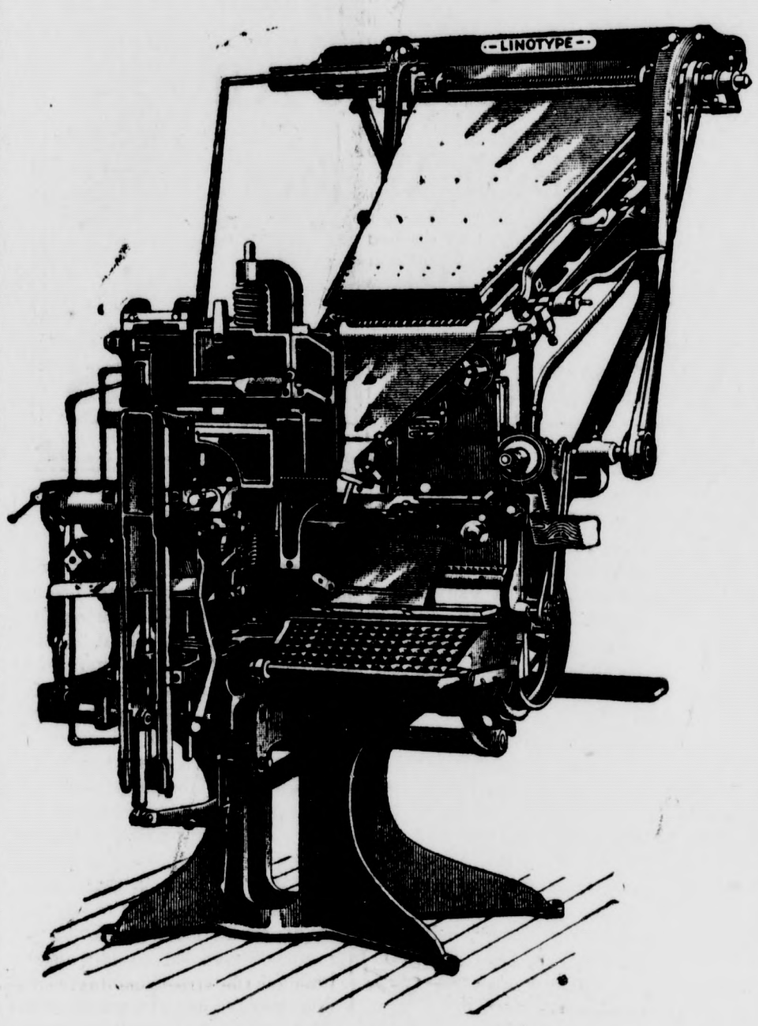
The old man ran as hastily as his trembling legs would carry him and saw his shop shooting forth flames. There was a lurid glare in it that he had never seen in a fire before. Every tongue of flame hissed like that of a serpent, and a sulphurous odor came in through the open window.

For more than an hour the old man and his daughter watched the burning. As it died down there were fitful flashes, like temporary recoveries from some dying beast. At last all was still, and father and daughter went back to bed.

There are various explanations given of the matter by those living near Gustav Schreiber. Some say that the bolt that occasioned the loss of his shop was sent from heaven to punish him for trying to produce human feeling on an automatic instrument, others that he had worked long enough and he would never have stopped had not his shop been burned. There are also those who blame his neighbor for saying, "The devil take old Schrieber's music box," averring that Satan took her at her word.

PATRONIZE THE HOME

LINOTYPE WORK



BRIEFS, TRANSCRIPTS, BOOK WORK

AT

CITY PRICES

San Mateo Index

AND

Daly City Record

A GIRL GENERAL

She Displayed Military Genius Unconsciously

By TIMOTHY L. LODGE

"It's all very well to educate a man in the science of war," said the old veteran, "but if he hasn't got the faculties in him that go to make a leader his education won't do him any good. We had a lot of book generals in the war between the states, and we had some born generals. The former did a lot of harm, and the latter—well, the latter did a lot of harm to the enemy.

"You wouldn't expect to find military talents in a woman, would you? Well, I spent four years under generals of all kinds, and the genius for war that came most particularly under my observation was displayed by a girl.

"In the spring of 1862, when the army I was with was at Shelbyville, Tenn., my captain told me that there was a call from general headquarters for some one to go south on secret service—learn what force of Confederates was occupying the territory south of

"I RECOGNIZED THE GIRL I HAD LEFT AN HOUR BEFORE."

us and come back with the information. I was a private in those days and anxious to do something by which I might gain promotion. I thought that if I gained the information to enable the general to carry out any plans he might have I could count on his influence. So I volunteered and was ordered to report at headquarters. The general questioned me, and evidently making up his mind to try me told me to scout southward and learn so far as I could just what Confederate forces were between him and the Tennessee river. He was intending to make a forced march with a view to cutting a railroad. He left me free to go in uniform or in citizen's dress, as I pleased. I concluded that I could get farther south and learn more by assuming to be a southerner, so I chose to go in citizen's dress.

"I confess I didn't like the prospect of being detected as a Yankee soldier in disguise within the enemy's lines hunting for information, for I was pretty sure in that case to be hanged for a spy. Besides, I was starting at night, which is just the time a man's pluck is at the lowest ebb. I rode most of the night and early in the morning stopped at the outskirts of a town called Fayetteville.

"Those towns down there were sure to sympathize with one side or the other. Shelbyville was largely in favor of the Federals; in Fayetteville they were all Confederates. I didn't know this at the time, and I didn't take precautions. I stopped at a house and asked for some breakfast, for which I paid in greenbacks. This excited suspicion; the woman of the house played Union and drew a confession from me that I was of the same persuasion. If there had been a man about I would have been in trouble right off. As it was, I thought it best to mount my horse and get away.

"I went on southward, talking with the people I met, telling them that I had come from Shelbyville and had left a force of Yankees there. Then I asked them about 'our fellows' and got all they knew. At noon I stopped at a farmhouse, and this time I struck a Union family sure enough. The father was away serving with an east Tennessee Federal regiment. There were a mother, a daughter about twenty years old and some small children.

"I soon found that it was safe to confide in these people and confessed myself a Union man. I also told the daughter just what I was—a spy. She caught her breath and bit her lip, knowing full well what my fate would be if caught.

"I have never known such quick cases of love between the sexes as during that war. Perhaps the girls, being country bred, had not met any men except country bumpkins and were the more easily attracted to a different class of young men. Be this as it may, I had not been in the house an hour before I saw evidence in the girl of a strong predisposition in my favor. Then, too, the terrible risk I was running served to heighten her interest in me. As to my feelings for her, I will refer to that later.

"I may as well say here, however, that I couldn't tear myself away from her till evening, when I started again for a night ride toward Stevenson junction, intending to go on from there to Bridgeport, with a view to learning what force there was at the latter place guarding the long railroad bridge across the Tennessee river. I got on very well, penetrated as far as I had intended and made my way back to the house where I had left the girl.

"She told me that the family had incurred hostility for harboring me, since the woman with whom I had breakfasted on my way down had reported my presence to a Confederate cavalry force in the vicinity and they had been looking for me.

"The girl learned that there were scattered forces in my way on the watch for me, so I decided to make a detour southward and work my way back over the Cumberland plateau. I parted from my love on an eminence near her home where she could see me for a long distance. I cheered her by telling her that the Yankees would be down there soon in force and would surely see her again.

"About a mile south of my starting point I came to a river. I crossed it by a ford and had ridden another mile when I struck a crossroad by which I intended to proceed eastward and then northward. I had just turned when I heard a voice behind me calling on me to throw up my hands. I did so at once, and three Confederate cavalrymen in charge of a corporal took me in.

"After questioning me they decided that I was the man they were looking for and started with me for the camp of the force to which they belonged.

"The road struck the river at the ford and we started in to cross it single file. Two of my captors preceded and two followed me. There was a ledge just below the ford which my girl had cautioned me against, calling my attention to the fact that the running water would deceive me as to the direction I needed to take. She told me that if I didn't keep well upstream I would go over the ledge into deep water.

"I soon saw that the first man in line, the corporal, was heading too far downstream. When he reached the middle of the river he went over the ledge and I saw him no more. The next man was frightened, but headed his horse farther upstream. I wished I could go over the ledge and be drowned, to save myself from a hanging. I was turning my horse in that direction when the man next in my rear, who had come up beside me, seized my bridle rein.

"When I was looking him in the face I saw a round hole appear in his forehead. He fell from his horse and was swept away with the current. He had been shot, but who had shot him was a mystery. I glanced to the opposite bank and saw a little cloud of smoke, but no one who had fired a shot.

"Two of the four men were now eliminated. The man behind me was a brave fellow. He spurred forward and, drawing his revolver, ordered me to proceed. But we hadn't gone six yards before I heard a crack, and at the same time my man fell from his saddle. Where he was hit I did not know, but if he wasn't killed he was doubtless drowned.

"Turning my head, I saw the fourth man urging his horse as fast as he could through the rapid current toward the southern shore. He had evidently had enough of trying to run me into camp and was trying to save himself from the invisible marksman.

"I was now free as a bird, and it didn't take long for me to gather my faculties sufficiently to understand that some one had saved me from my captors, though I was not quite sure but that I would be the next victim. However, I lost no time in pushing forward to the northern side of the river, and my horse carried me up the steep ascent on to the bank. There I looked about me and at the base of a tree saw a girl lying on the ground, with a rifle beside her. I spurred toward her, dismounted and recognized the girl I had left not an hour before.

"She was in a dead faint, but I picked her up and kissed her back to consciousness.

"She had seen me captured and my captors start for the river. Her military eye had taken in the situation at once. Running home, she had got a rifle, and returning lay in concealment with a view to attacking the enemy while crossing the stream. Seeing the leader heading too far down, she had waited till he fell over the ledge; then, taking advantage of the confusion, she had opened fire.

"There are many instances in history where generals have seized upon just such a moment to rout an enemy, but this is the only affair of the kind that came under my own personal observation. Besides, it saved my life.

"I got the girl back to her house and then pushed my horse to his utmost to place as many miles as possible between me and that region. Fortunately I eluded those on the watch for me and got my information in to the general. He commended me highly for my work and recommended me to the governor of my state for a commission."

"What became of the girl?" asked one of the listeners.

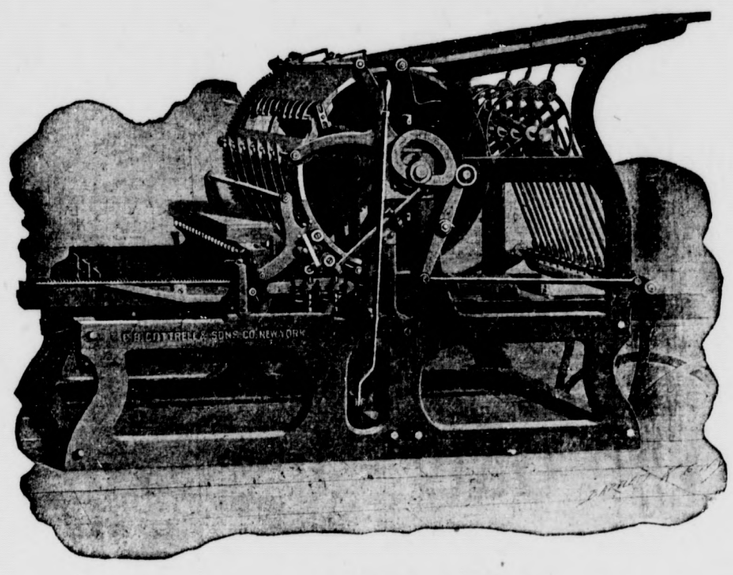
"Our force advanced as soon as I got to camp, and I saw her again frequently. After the war I went down there and married her."

BOOST!

THE

PANAMA-PACIFIC INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION

SAN FRANCISCO 1915 CALIFORNIA



San Mateo Index

AND

Daly City Record

Goes Directly Into the Hands of Those Whom You Wish Most to Reach

Reasonable Prices **Good Workmanship**

OCEAN SHORE RAILROAD

Sundays only	Daily	Daily	Daily except Sunday	Distance from S. F.	TIME TABLE No. 26 November 2, 1913 STATIONS	Daily except Sunday	Daily	Daily except Sunday	Sunday only	Sunday only
8:10	5:35	10:00	8:10	0	SAN FRANCISCO	7:30	2:30	4:15	5:00	8:40
8:25	5:50	10:15	8:30	2.5	Shops	7:15	2:15	4:00	4:45	8:25
8:33	5:59	10:23	8:40	5.4	Onondago	7:07	2:02	3:50	4:36	8:17
8:37	6:03	10:27	8:46	7.1	Palmetto	7:03	1:55	3:46	4:32	8:13
8:39	6:05	10:29	8:50	7.6	DALY CITY	7:01	1:52	3:44	4:30	8:11
8:46	6:12	10:35	9:00	9.9	Thornton	6:54	1:42	3:38	4:24	8:04
8:52	6:19	10:41	9:06	11.9	Mussel Rock	6:46	1:34	3:30	4:16	7:56
8:55	6:22	10:44	9:10	13.1	Edgemar	6:42	1:29	3:26	4:12	7:52
8:59	6:26	10:48	9:16	14.3	SALADA	6:39	1:24	3:23	4:09	7:49
9:00	6:28	10:49	9:19	14.8	Brighton	6:35	1:18	3:19	4:05	7:45
9:03	6:31	10:53	9:23	16.0	Vallemar	6:32	1:13	3:15	4:01	7:42
9:05	6:33	10:55	9:45	16.6	Rockaway	6:31	1:10	3:14	4:00	7:41
9:11	6:39	11:01	10:04	18.1	TOBIN	6:26	12:53	3:09	3:55	7:36
9:14	6:42	11:04	10:07	18.9	Ransome	6:23	12:46	3:05	3:51	7:33
9:22	6:50	11:12	10:15	21.1	Green Canon	6:15	12:38	2:57	3:42	7:25
9:26	6:54	11:16	10:30	22.8	Montara	6:10	12:32	2:51	3:34	7:20
9:28	6:56	11:18	10:33	23.0	FARALLONE	6:09	12:30	2:50	3:32	7:19
9:32	6:59	11:22	10:38	24.1	MOSS BEACH	6:06	12:23	2:47	3:27	7:16
9:33	7:00	11:24	10:39	24.4	Marine	6:05	12:19	2:45	3:25	7:15
9:37	7:04	11:28	10:43	26.0	Princeton	6:01	12:16	2:41	3:21	7:11
9:38	7:05	11:30	10:44	26.5	North Granada	5:59	12:15	2:39	3:20	7:09
9:40	7:06	11:31	10:45	27.1	Granada	5:58	12:13	2:38	3:19	7:08
9:42	7:08	11:32	10:54	27.6	SO. GRANADA	5:57	12:12	2:37	3:17	7:07
9:43	7:09	11:34	10:57	28.1	Miramar	5:55	12:09	2:35	3:15	7:05
9:50	7:15	11:40	11:14	30.2	HALF MOON	5:50	12:01	2:30	3:10	7:00
10:05	7:20	11:55	11:20	30.8	Arleta	5:45	11:55	2:25	3:05	6:55
10:10	7:30	11:59	.....	32.6	Fairhaven	.....	11:21	2:20	3:00	.....
10:15	7:33	12:05	.....	34.3	Purissima	.....	11:15	2:15	2:55	.....
10:17	7:34	12:07	.....	34.8	Sealrox	.....	11:12	2:09	2:54	.....
10:23	7:38	12:13	.....	36.1	Lobitos	.....	11:07	2:06	2:50	.....
10:30	7:43	12:20	.....	38.0	TUNITAS	.....	11:00	2:00	2:40	.....

Mystery of a Safe

It Was Not Solved by Detective Work

By MARGARET STEARNS

In all my experience of twenty years in the detective business I never had a case involving more ingenuity and deep laid planning than the robbery of the safe in the dwelling of Mr. George A. Tourtelotte. I was sent to the gentleman's house one morning by my chief and found him in a very uncomfortable state of mind. Money had disappeared from his safe, where he had kept what valuables there were in the house, and he assumed that some one who lived there must have been the thief, for the safe was an old one, opened not by a combination, but by one of those little keys with teeth such as are used for the private boxes of safety deposit companies.

Mr. Tourtelotte, who was very rich, did not care so much for the money lost as the discovery that he had a thief among the members of his household. His theory of the robbery was that some one had come into his sleeping room at night, stolen his bunch of keys, among which was the key of the safe, unlocked the safe, taken the money and returned the key to the place whence it had been taken.

His theory did not satisfy me, because the thief would not have been likely to return the keys. Mr. Tourtelotte evidently considered me very stupid, declaring that, if the thief were a member of his household, not to return the key to the place from which it had been taken would be to prove almost conclusively that he was a member of the household. But Mr. Tourtelotte was accustomed to lock and bolt his bedroom door on retiring.

Before I started on my investigations Mr. Tourtelotte informed me that one of the members of his family was a governess, a young lady who had come to him with the very best of recommendations. He had on several occasions given her the key to the safe when certain articles, such as silverware for the table, were wanted, and

"LET US BEGIN AT THE BOTTOM."

she was the only one outside of his wife and children who had ever handled the key. No servant on any account was permitted to do so.

My habit has always been to pay attention to every suggestion, and I entered this information in my mental notebook, but I rely so confidently on my being able to tell by instinct a guilty from an innocent person as to discredit an accusation against any one my perceptive faculty declares innocent. The governess, Miss Martin, did not even appear to realize that she was in a position to be suspected.

It happened that there was no clew for me to work upon except what I could get from Mr. Tourtelotte himself, and, his suspicions having been fixed on Miss Martin, his mind was so taken up with this solution that there was no room in it for anything else. But I, who had investigated for indications of an entrance into the house, had learned that on the night of the robbery a window over a trellis had been left unlocked, and, though this did not prove that the thief had come from without, it indicated that he might have done so.

After learning all there was to be learned so far as I could see about the case I had absolutely nothing to work on. I do not remember to have been ever so completely baffled. Usually I have found some clew, even if it led me on a false scent, but in this case there was no clew at all. I therefore said to Mr. Tourtelotte:

"There is some information about this case that has not come to me. Let us begin at the bottom. Tell me of every time you can remember of your safe key having left your keeping and who has had it."

He racked his brain for some time, then said:

"There is only one time that the key has been out of my hands and gone into other hands, and then only for a minute at most. The circumstance could not have had any possible connection with this robbery."

"Tell me what you refer to."

"About two weeks ago I was traveling in a parlor car. A gentleman having the next chair to me took up a suit case and, on putting his hand into his pocket for the key, found that he had left it at home. He seemed very much annoyed, saying he had some papers in his suit case it was essential that he look over before reaching his destination. He was a lawyer and as soon as he arrived must try a case in court to which the papers referred. A gentleman sitting in the chair on the opposite side of the aisle offered him his key ring with a number of keys on it that he might see if any of them would fit the lock. He tried them all, but found none of them available.

"'Perhaps,' said the man who had loaned the keys, 'this gentleman'—referring to me—'has a key that will serve your purpose.'

"I handed him my key ring, and he tried all the keys on it, but without effect."

"Mr. Tourtelotte," I said, "I am inclined to think that this episode may have some connection with the robbery."

"Will you kindly explain how?"

"I assume that the key of your safe was on the ring."

"It was."

"Were your eyes on your keys every moment they were in the other's possession?"

"No. His back was toward me when he was trying them."

I sat pondering for awhile before saying anything more.

"I fear," I said at last, "that I shall have to give up the case. There is a possibility that some game was played on you by this man to whom you loaned your keys, but to find him would be impossible. Besides, it would require all the ingenuity of a first class modern detective story writer to show how a chance momentary loan of keys on a train could result in money disappearing from your safe without that safe having been forced open."

"Why do you decline to suspect Miss Martin?"

"Because she has a very expressive face, and it would be impossible for her to carry such a secret without betraying it. Moreover, I have perfect confidence in my ability to tell a rogue from an innocent person by looking into the eye."

"Very well, sir; since you acknowledge your inability to ferret out the matter you are welcome to retire from it."

I learned afterward that he employed another detective, who worked on the lines he indicated, and Miss Martin was kept under surveillance. But she was never known to spend a cent that she could not afford to spend, and no clew was found against her. I met her on the street one day, and she recognized me as having been at the house where she was employed immediately after the robbery. She told me that Mr. Tourtelotte had dispensed with her services, but she did not know why. I did not enlighten her. Before I left her I entered her new address in my notebook in accordance with my habit of keeping the addresses of persons in any way connected with my cases.

There was a special reason which I did not know at the time why Mr. Tourtelotte wished to fix the robbery of his safe on Miss Martin. He had a son whom he suspected of being in love with her. He informed that son, Edgar, that he was convinced that Miss Martin was a thief, but since he could not prove it he made no charge. But, not desiring to have one whom he did not trust a member of his household, he had sent her away.

This was the first Edgar Tourtelotte knew of his father's suspicions. He came at once to me to hear what I knew about the matter. I told him that I had no suspicion whatever of Miss Martin; on the contrary, I was sure that she was an innocent girl. This pleased him very much, and he begged me to try again to discover the guilty person, agreeing to pay me for any time I spent in doing so. I told him that, not being one of those detectives who could work up a case from a scratch on a wall or the stump of a cigar, I would not undertake to work up one in which I had no clew whatever. I added that I believed his father's safe had been robbed by a professional criminal and there was a possibility that at some future time an explanation might come out by some crook in limbo.

The lovers were in time relieved by just such an explanation. It came to me in a roundabout way. A lot of us detectives were sitting together one evening swapping yarns when one of the party told that a crook who had given him samples of his ingenuity related the following with great pride:

He had marked a rich man for his quarry and noticed that he left the suburb in which he lived every morning by a certain train for the city. One day, well dressed, the criminal entered the same car with the gentleman, followed by a confederate. On the way to the city he pretended to be a lawyer with a case coming off in court that he must try when he reached the city. In this way, aided by his confederate, he secured the rich man's safe key long enough to take an impression of it in wax, entered his house by a trellis, opened his safe and secured a good lot of swag.

There was no use having this ingenious crook arrested, for he had already been sentenced to serve a term of ten years in state prison, but I informed the Tourtelotte family of the explanation of their safe mystery, and I was soon afterward informed by Edgar Tourtelotte of his engagement, with his father's consent, to Miss Martin. On the day Edgar was married he sent me a check for $100.

The Porcelain Tower

Or How Two Americans Were Saved

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Dick Evans sat up in bed and sleepily rubbed his eyes. Again came a cautious knock at his door.

"Come in!" he called impatiently, and as the sleek head of his Chinese house boy appeared in the aperture he added, "What's the matter, Fan Soo?"

Fan Soo closed the door softly and tiptoed to the bed.

"Him Smiss man boy bring chit. Hully up!"

Evans took the note and read the brief cipher message it contained.

Then he manufactured a very successful yawn and dismissed the beady eyed Chinese.

"Breakfast quick! Sabe, San Foo? Dust out of here now!"

Fan Soo dusted out, or it might more aptly be termed as "melting from view."

Alone, Dick Evans worked with lightning rapidity. He was in and out of his bath in a jiffy, quickly dressed in fresh white linen and packing a few valuables in his pockets. When he left the room there was nothing that he valued contained therein, not even a scrap of paper.

After a hasty breakfast he left his bungalow and went down the Canton road toward the city. As the agent of a large importing house in Canton he preferred to live in the suburbs of that rather unfriendly and seething city. His position was very uncertain. Five times had the agents of his house been driven away by the hostility of the natives and each time had they with customary English doggedness returned to the scene of battle.

Now things were rather different. With the country in a state of revolution, south China warring against the northern provinces, it was only a question of days before he would be compelled to vacate not only his bungalow on the Canton road, but his offices in the city as well.

THE DISGUISE WAS PERFECT.

The blow had fallen this morning. The "chit" or note that Smith had sent him had contained a few words of warning. A company of soldiers bound north would leave the city at 9 o'clock, and that meant that their passage would be marked by robbery and perhaps worse.

Dick Evans was going to the house of his friend, James Smith, and together they might escape if they could reach the city, although it was whispered that all the traveled roads were infested with murderous bandits.

It was a good three miles to the Smith place, and when he reached it he found it quite deserted save for a fat comprador sunning himself in the gateway of the compound. He gave forth surly answers to Dick's questions.

Five hundred yards beyond the compound gate Dick came to the old porcelain tower that is a historic feature on the Canton road. Built many centuries before as the private retreat of a rich mandarin, the exquisite porcelain paintings that adorned its inner walls are still admired. Now the tower was deserted save by bats and rats, and it was whispered among the Chinese that devils haunted its many stories.

As Dick passed the old tower there came the sound of a familiar voice—it came in a whisper—that voice of James Smith, and it hastened Dick's steps toward the tower until he was standing in its tall shadow.

"Dodge in here. I'll tell you when I see you. Come up to the top floor!"

Dick cast a swift glance around the countryside and saw not a human being. He darted into the deep embrasure of the doorway and found himself at the foot of a winding, rickety stairway.

At last he reached the ninth floor, where Smith was waiting for him with pallid, drawn face and haggard eyes that had not known sleep for many hours.

"Cut in here so I can close up the place. The rascals will be about our ears in no time!" he exclaimed. "You received my chit?"

"An hour ago. What are you doing here?"

"Wait. Come with me." Smith led the way to a door painted with another red dragon and opened it, admitting his friend to the gloomy interior of a large room.

"Here we are, and here we remain until fate chooses to release us," said Smith gloomily as he faced Dick within the locked room.

"Have a light, can't you?" was Dick's first question.

Presently a lantern diffused soft light around the dusty room, which was lined with niches, in each one of which was a rather battered idol. Except for a straw pallet on the floor, a jug of water and a bowl of rice, the room was empty.

"What are you doing here?" asked Dick.

"Had a tip from a Chinese friend that our houses were to be looted and burned today. I sent you word, and I've taken refuge here after making an observation from the pinnacle and seeing the brigands coming from one direction and the soldiers from another. Between the two forces our bones would be picked quite clean."

"After they pass we can get away?" asked Dick thoughtfully.

"Maybe," smiled Smith, "provided they don't take it into their heads to level the tower to the ground."

"Wish we could give them a stiff scare. You know they are rather suspicious of this place."

"I know it. Give me time to think."

For a long time Smith sat on the floor with his head in his hands. At last he arose and uttered a triumphant whoop.

He darted to a carved chest thrust in one corner and from it dragged stiff robes of yellow brocade, soiled and dusty and almost falling to pieces with great age.

"If they linger along till dusk I think I can scare them stiff with this priestly garb," he chuckled. "You know one of the traditions connected with this place concerns an old priest of Buddha who starved himself to death in the tower in order to attain celestial rewards. The superstitious say that sometimes the spirit of this old priest comes back to the tower, hungry and forlorn, and cries for food and drink. I shall be that old priest for awhile. Watch me!"

When Smith's tall, gaunt frame was wrapped in the yellow robe and a black satin cap was stuck on his dark hair Dick confessed himself amazed at the resemblance to a Buddhist priest painted on one of the porcelain panels of the stairway. The disguise was perfect.

The two men sat and talked beside a tiny window that gave a view of the road to the city.

"If they only wait until dusk we can scare 'em off, and then we can get away," Smith repeated over and over again.

The day wore on, and, although they caught occasional glimpses of approaching soldiers, they did not make much progress, for there were much halting and disputing. It was almost twilight when a company of ragged soldiers stirred the thick white dust of the road near the porcelain tower.

"They're going to halt there, just as I thought. They're taking pot shots at the tower. See the ancient cannon they are dragging along."

Dick looked out and saw all the things Smith described. He saw more, for he noticed that they were preparing to load the cannon and gunners were pointing it toward the porcelain tower.

"Deuce take it, we're in for it now!" muttered Smith.

"Get into your robes. Scare 'em off, man. You can do it. I know the Chinese like a book. They'll streak it if they see that old yellow back on the balcony of the tower." Thus Dick encouraged his friend while he helped Smith into the yellow robe.

While the gunners were loading the cannon there came the sound of fierce cries from the south, and a band of tattered brigands came racing through the dust of the road.

At the same instant Smith stepped through a door that led to a small balcony that encircled the tower and, lifting his arms in their flowing sleeves, shrilled down at them a mixture of American slang and bad Chinese that hushed the riotous crowd below.

How long he stood there he never knew, but his arms grew stiff and useless and his neck cramped with its rigid attitude.

The long silence of the crowd below was broken at last by a shrill screech of terror from a brigand. That was the signal for panic. In ten minutes the long dusty road was empty and a full moon smiled wanly over the place where superstition still held sway.

"Ten years from now this could not happen," said Smith as he entered the city that night with Dick beside him. "The last remnants of superstition and ignorance are flying northward this very moment lashed by their own fears. China has awakened, yawned and nodded off again for another forty winks. After that—well, we'll all have to keep pretty wide awake to keep up with her."

Dick Evans, who saw a very profitable business going to the dogs, nodded ruefully. "There's just one consolation in the whole affair," he murmured, "and that is that it forms an excellent excuse for getting back into God's country again, and I'm going."

Daly City Record

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

Indorsed by the Building Trades Council of San Mateo County.

By J. L. BROWN

Entered at the post office of Daly City, Cal., as Second-class matter, under the Act of Congress, March 3, 1879

TERMS:

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Six Months, " ..... .75
Three Months, " 40

DALY CITY, CALIFORNIA, DECEMBER 26, 1913

DALY CITY AND THE RECALL LAW

The experience of Daly City has, and should have, solidified all factions of whatever nature, excepting possibly a very few shallow-pated, narrow-minded and venom-oozing creatures, to the one idea that the Recall Law is an iniquitous weapon.

The Recall Law was no doubt framed with good intentions and there are cases where it should be applied. But the law has been so abused that it is generally conceded to be the weapon of sore heads and bums, who in some cases should be in the penitentiary, to assail faithful public officials who in the performance of their obligations to the people displease these slinks.

During the first administration of Daly City a movement was inaugurated to recall Trustees Mullins and Quillinan. They were new at the work and may have made some mistakes, but later developments have proven that they were, nevertheless, efficient and conscientious, so that the friends of the initial city government, who fought for and defeated their recall in the courts before an election was forced, have cause for congratulating themselves.

Then again, Daly City was threatened with another recall, in which it was proposed to recall Ross, Biebel and Landini, and the movement was being urged by some of Daly City's very best citizens, and the reasons seemed indeed alluring. But some of the Record editor's friends and himself weighed the situation carefully and decided that it would in the first place be inconsistent, and even if successful, would cause a turmoil that could have no other effect than to be decidedly injurious to the city, so the idea was abandoned.

The effect of the Mullins-Quillinan recall movement caused a discord, the effects of which it will take a long time to efface, and if the recall fight had been allowed to proceed against Ross, Biebel and Landini, successful or not, the baneful effect would have been only that much more intensified, to the great detriment of Daly City.

About two months ago another recall scheme was rumored to have been started against one of the most conscientous and efficient county officials in San Mateo county, and a dentist named McGovern, of South San Francisco, wrote a letter declaring himself as willing to be the king bee. Recently, however, it is said that McGovern's feet became frostbitten and that H. H. Smith of Daly City was anxious to don the garb. To substantiate this, there is said to have been a meeting at Russie's hall, Colma, last Friday night, composed of less than a dozen, most of whom were from South San Francisco and San Bruno and one, H. H. Smith, from Daly City. *A Christmas Jolt* to those of us who once thought Smith was popular.

SHALL WE BUY THE TELEPHONES?

The Bell telephone and telegraph monopoly, having gotten in bad in nearly every community in the country and the prospects being that its equipment is soon to be superseded with greatly improved methods of transmission, is laying plans to get out of the fix it is in by unloading its plant on the Government in exchange for bonds which will guarantee a safe return on the "investment." The President and the Postmaster General seem ready to fall for the scheme, and it is presumed that in course of a very few years we will have government ownership of telegraph and telephone lines adding government support and sanction to the exploitation of the workers in those industries, just as it exists in the postoffice department.

LABOR PAPER BEST ADVERTISING MEDIUM

Samuel Gompers says: "Any man who tries to injure a labor paper is an enemy to the cause."

He also says: "Were it not for the labor press the labor movement would not be what it is."

As an advertising medium, Printers' Ink, recognized authority on advertising mediums, says: "One thousand circulation of a labor paper is equivalent to six thousand of any other paper."

Lord, if they could only make the union men and business men believe these things, what a happy life would be that of the labor editor.—Mine Workers' Journal.

SPIRIT OF THE WEST

One of the amusing little incidents of the American Federation of Labor convention recently held was the constant reiteration on the part of representatives of the various international unions that we have a much better spirit for unionism in the West and in the next breath the statement that out here we were handicapped by strivings for "vague ideals" instead of confining ourselves to the "hard facts of practical unionism." It never occurred to the gentlemen who were so free in their criticism of our idealism that perhaps that had something to do with our better spirit in this part of the country.—Seattle Union Record.

DALY CITY BOOBS

Solid Three Illegally Made Effort to Appoint Themselves as the Board of Health---Daly City People Ignored on City Hall Project---Give a Pet Firm 6 per cent When 5 per cent is the Regular Commission Charged---Citizen Hints at Graft.

Echo From Last Meeting---P. D. Mad Because Freyer Made Them Take Water a nd Swallow the Ordinance Whole That They Had Declared Was Full of Holes

The regular meeting of the Board of Trustees was held Monday evening, December 22, Mr. Freyer being tardy and did not arrive until the bills were being allowed, including the usual Smith budget, but not including the Record's honest bill which should have been paid three months ago.

The proceedings were mostly routine.

The quarterly saloon licenses were renewed.

Green called up the matter of appointing a Board of Health, which caused City Attorney Morris to blink and smile, while deathly silence reigned. Finally ross said that something should be done, which awakened biebel, who moved and was seconded by landini that the present sitting of the Board constitute the Board of Health, (leaving out Freyer, who had not yet arrived.) Attorney Morris advised against this, as it was illegal, so the matter was laid over again.

The advertising for bids for the mechanical equipment necessary to complete the municipal water system was ordered, the well-drilling to be separate, and all bids to be ready for consideration on January 12, 1914. Green asked if the Board had the legal right to let this large contract without first having money on hand to pay for it, the bonds not being sold. He was advised by Attorney Morris that the bonds may be sold by that time, at any rate the Board could reject any and all bids.

Owing to technicalities of law the matter of guaranteeing the payment for the chemical engine for Fire Company No. 4 was referred to Attorney Morris.

The Board adjourned to meet January 5, 1914, when

The Daly City Boobs gave another exhibition of their boobalistic excellence at the Friday night meeting. The usual octerie of job-seeking pets and goggle-eyed prompters sat in seats that cost the taxptyers money. Immediately a recess was called to examine various plans for the proposed city hall, that seemed a mere formality, for no one doubted the solid three had already decided upon Smith & Stewart to furnish plans and working drawings and then superintend construction of the building on a basis of six per cent of its cost.

O. E. Evans and W. J. Stevens of San Francisco presented plans, as did Mr. Freyer of a Daly City architect, while another Daly City architect agreed to supply plans and specifications absolutely free of charge.

S. R. Emmons and others protested that six per cent was excessive, that the regular percentage was five and their protests insisted that local people be given a chance. Trustee Freyer was of course anxious to serve the home people, but the solid three were hell-bent, which prompted Mr. Emmons to remark later "that the solid three either did what they did to spite Freyer, or for graft."

Freyer pleaded in vain to have the Daly City propositions considered. Landini said HE did not believe anyone would furnish the plans free, but Freyer's integrity is too well established for such guff.

How much better POLITICS it would have been if the solid three had saved about half the money they wasted and built a city hall and had it all paid for now, than to have lied to the people with assurances that taxes would not be raised, yet they doubled the assessed valuations and upon that levied a tax of $1.43 instead of $1.00, in order to accumulate enough cash to build an inadequate, inartistic and unsuitable city building just on the eve of election.

As an echo of the last meeting, when Freyer made them take water, it may be remembered that both Bieble and Landini have declared time and time again that the "cow ordinance was full of holes"—this was when the "ridiculously unconstitutional" freak and Slur, the two city attorneys they fired were in. When City Attorney Morris came on the scene he could see no defects in the ordinance and has so convinced the court, and it was Mr. Freyer to make Bieble, Landini and Ross to swallow their words— oh, how they did take water!

Sensible Proposition

The following proposition to the Daly City Board of Trustees for the erection of a municipal building was handed to the Record editor by that exemplary citizen, S. R. Emmons, who states that this is a copy of a like proposition that he mailed to the Trustees.

Mr. Emmons is exceedingly indignant at the solid three for the way they utterly ignored all the Daly City propositions, and unhesitatingly declares that they must have been actuated either by a desire to oppose Mr. Freyer's sensible suggestions, or by GRAFT:

Daly City, San Mateo Co., Cal.,
December 20, 1913.

To the Board of Trustees of Daly City, San Mateo Co., Cal.

Gentlemen:

We, the undersigned, hereby offer and agree to furnish all plans, drawings, details and specifications necessary for the building or construction of a city hall in Daly City, and superintend the construction of said building for the sum of three (3) per cent of the total cost of the building.

We also offer and agree to furnish a good and acceptable bond, say, for five hundred or one thousand dollars, as a guarantee that we are capable of doing the work and that we can carry to completion, in a satisfactory manner, the building of a city hall as aforesaid. Yours respectfully,

EMMONS & BOOKER.

"Pop, what is an 'idle jest'?"

"There are no idle jests, my son; they are all working all the time."

Some Storm

Sunday night's storm extended over the entire Pacific Slope, with rainfall throughout California and the western portions of Oregon and Washington.

The rainfall in San Francisco during 24 hours was .93 of an inch; between 3:20 and 3:25 o'clock in the morning .20 of an inch fell.

The heaviest rainfall for the 24 hours was at Red Bluff, 1.26 inches.

Seasonal rainfall to date, 8.75 inches; normal, 6.90 inches; for same period last year, 4.85 inches.

The highest wind velocity Saturday night at San Francisc was 34 miles an hour; at Point Reyes, 64 miles an hour.

Many Caseys at the Bat

A petition is in circulation asking for a special election in the first district, the object being to recall its Supervisor. We are not informed as to why such action is expected, but judging by the many favorable comments we have heard of guardiaanship of his constituents' interests in his district and the many compliments of the public spirited throughout the county, there will be a good maany Caseys at the bat should the gaame be called.—Coast Side Comet.

Dame Rumor has it that McGovern has changed his mind and will not run.

"The tendency," observes a doctor in a magazine, "is to put fewer clothes on the baby." And considerably fewer on the baby's big sister.

CHRISTMAS ANNOUNCEMENT

As a special benefit for the Holidays I will sell 30 Bread Tickets for $1.00, limit $5.00 to any one person, from December 15th to December 31st.

Bread is of the best quality, standard in quantity, manufactured in a clean, sanitary above-ground shop by the best of bakers, and the flour is a guarantee for the redemption of every ticket sold.

Wishing all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Yours,

Vista Grande Grocery & Bakery

A. VOGLER

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

Good Meat

Such as Is Sold By the

Pacific Meat Company

First Town; ip

Only United States Government Inspected Meats

BEN S. GREEN

The Daly City Cafe

GEORGE PAPPAS, Prop.

Strictly First-class and Respectable

Corner Mission Road and Hillcrest Drive

When You Buy Paint Here

it is like buying directly from the company operating the largest paint and varnish plant in the world—the makers of the "Acme Quality" paints, enamels, stains, varnishes. You can get exactly what you want in the

ACME QUALITY

kind for touching things up, painting inside or outside, or for any other use. In buying, ask for the new authority—"The Acme Quality Painting Guide Book."

SPRING VALLEY LUMBER YARD

2401 San Jose Ave. SAN FRANCISCO

Daly City Record

ELLIS C. JOHNSON

Justice of the Peace

Notary Public

Deeds, Contracts, etc., correctly drawn up.

Agent Ætna Fire Insurance Company

Phone Mission 6606

THE BOULEVARD

Mission Road & School St.

Case Goods A Specialty

Daly City Record

LOCAL PAGE

State Officials

Governor—Hiram W. Johnson.
Lieutenant Governor—Albert J. Wallace.
Secretary of State—Frank C. Jordan.
State Controller—
State Treasurer—E. D. Roberts.
Attorney General—U. S. Webb.
Sureyor General—W. S. Kingsbury.
State Printer—F. W. Richardson.
Supt. of Public Instruction—Edward Hyatt.
Adjutant General—E. A. Forbes.

RAILROAD COMMISSION
President—John M .Eastman.
Commissioners—Harvey D. Loveland, Alex. Gordon, Edwin O. Edgerton, Max Thelen.

STATE HIGHWAY COMMISSION
Burton A. Towne, Charles D. Blaney, N. D. Darlington.

County Officials

Judge of Superior Court.....George H. Buck
District Attorney.....Franklin Swart
Sheriff.....Joseph H. Mansfield
County Clerk.....Joseph H. Nash
Treasurer..... P. P. Chamberlain
Auditor.....Harry Underhill
Recorder.....H. O. Heiner
Tax and Liecnse Collector.....A. McSweeney
Assessor.....C. D. Hayward
Supt. of Public Schools.....Roy W. Cloud
Sureyor.....James V. Neuman
Coroner and Public Admr.....H. G. Plymire
Health Officer.....W. G. Beattie
Assemblyman.....Henry Ward Brown

SUPERVISORS
First District.....James T. Casey, Colma
Second District...Wm. H. Brown, San Mateo
Third District.....John MacBain, Menlo Park
Fourth District..J. M. Francis, Halfmoon Bay
Fifth District....D. E. Blackburn, Pescadero

JUSTICES OF THE PEACE
First District

Ellis C. Johnson.....Daly City
John F. Davis.....San Bruno

CONSTABLES—First District
. H. Parker.....Daly City
. C. Wallace.....South San Francisco

Daly City Officials

BOARD OF TRUSTEES
Burton C. Ross, President
Edward Freyer
A. J. Green
Charles L. Biebel
C. A. Landini

City Attorney, J. H. Morris
Recorder, Ellis C. Johnson
Treasurer, T. Sheehan
Clerk, George L. Smith
Marshal, Eugene J. Lucey
Poundmaster, J. J. Sullivan

DALY CITY POSTOFFICE

Postoffice open daily from 8 A. M. to 6 . M. Sundays and holidays from 8 A. M. o 10 A. M. Outgoing mails close 6 A. M. nd 6 P. M. Mail arrives at 7 A. M. and P. M.

HAZEL C. RUSSELL,
Postmistress.

COLMA POSTOFFICE

Postoffice open daily from 8 a. m. to 7 p. m. undays, 8 a. m. to 9 p. m.
Money order window opened from 8 a. m. o 5.45 p. m.
Letters for registration must be posted alf an hour previous to the time for closing he mail.
Mails are dispatched from office 15 minutes before train time.
Outgoing mail leaves as follows:
7.08 a. m.
1.10 p. m.
6.49 p. m.
Mails arriving at this office are as follows:
6.05 a. m.
11.56 a. m.
5.55 p. m.

JOSEPHINE ARMANINO,
Postmistress.

For Sale—I will sell my Belgian hares and pens cheap. Enquire at post office. *

For Sale—A 1913 Indian motorcycle, fully equipped; price $220. Enquire at 145 Santa Ana avenue, Daly City. *

DON'T MONKEY with the Cheap Printer. It costs you more in the long run. Pay us legitimate union prices for good work and get satisfaction. *

Dr. F. Bush's dental office is No. 120 Mission road. Office hours 10:30 to 5.30 p. m. except Wednesdays. Evenings by appointment Sundays 10 to 12. *

Those sending in local items will greatly increase the interest by giving the initials of people mentioned. Doing so will add value to the item and be far more satisfactory to every reader.

PAY UP!!—Quite a number of our subscribers owe for the paper. The amounts are small but when several hundred of them are added together the amount would be sufficiently large to cover all our obligations, which is what we desire.

Taken by mistake—umbrella from Firemen's dance November 26, 1913. Please return to Record office.
F. MICHELSEN,
H. F. SECOR,
J. GETTINGS,
Committee of Dance.

The honest way to discontinue a subscription to a newspaper is to first pay the small amount you owe. Thus you will retain the respect of the editor and guard your own peace of mind. To do otherwise, such as ordering the postmaster to notify the publisher that the paper is "refused," is cowardly, sneaking as a snake thief, and worse than highway robbery.

Richard Harris has been working at Oakland this week.

Robert Lyon, son of Mrs. N. Lyon, visited San Mateo Monday.

Mrs. Larsen thanks all who helped Agnes in the contest ever so much.

Harry Gregory, who returned from St. Luke's Hospital last week is improving rapidly.

Mrs. Knott of Oakland has been visiting her parents, the J. H. Parkers, in Daly City.

The editor is on the sick list with a slight touch of pneumonia, which accounts for a lack of local items.

Peter Foley, who was injured last week at the concrete bridge near Thornton, is reported to be improving nicely.

There will be a pie and cake social at the M. E. Church, corner Garden street and Knowles avenue, on Wednesday afternoon, December 17. *

Miss Lilla Harris spent Christmas with friends in San Francisco, the family of Arthur Cooper, being the eighth successive Christmas spent there by her.

GIVEN AWAY FREE—We are giving away a phonograph Christmas Day. With each purchase you get a chance on it.
* **PENINSULA DRUG CO.**

Andrew Vogler, of the Vista Grande Bakery, had the misfortune of falling Sunday morning, badly spraining both his legs, so that he was confined to his bed until Wednesday, when he was able to be around again.

The ladies of the M. E. Church Ladies' Aid wish to announce that they have ready-made women's and children's garments for sale, or will make to order. The profits are to be used for a worthy cause. *

James Nance, one of the very efficient employes of the San Mateo Index and Daly City Record at the Index office, was in Daly City Christmas day, accompanied by his estimable mother, Mrs. Joda Nance.

The M. E. Church Christmas tree Tuesday evening was largely attended and many children were made happy. The new minister, Rev. Willover, is an ardent worker and is reviving great interest in the church.

Our local baker, A. Vogler, proprietor of the Vista Grande Bakery and Grocery, is giving everybody quite a treat in the way of a Christmas present by selling 30 bread tickets for $1 from December 15 to December 31.

Williard L. McKay and wife, who spent a couple of weeks in the city, owing to the busy season in their candy factory necessitating late working hours, have returned to their cozy Daly City home, now that the rush is over.

DISFRANCHISEMENT SCHEME AND ITS EVIL EFFECTS

Proposed Change in Law Would Retard Progress

The proposition will be voted on at the next November election of disfranchising all those not owning assessed property on matters of bonding. It is not proposed to change the present undemocratic law of giving one negative vote the value of two affirmative ones. If the proposed law should by any mischance carry, we will be governed in matters involving money by a small proportion of the people concerned.

Perhaps not one-fourth of the present voters are on the assessment roll. One vote over one-third of that fourth could prevent the building of roads, the acquiring of public utilities, or even the construction of school houses. An oligarchy of one-third of the voters can now prevent popular government on these necessary matters if they so will, and now it is proposed to make it a smaller and still more select oligarchy of one-twelfth of the voters.

The writer being a candidate for the assessorship of San Mateo county on a single tax platform, as near as the present law will permit, and claiming that all voters are taxpayers and therefore interested in all tax matters, would beg your indulgence in a brief examination of the false claims of the California Realty Federation in proposing this change in the present law.

The claim of the Realty Federation that only those assessed are taxpayers does more credit to their cupidity and cunning than to their intelligence. They would make use of a common ignorance that they might further intrench themselves as the lords and rulers of the land. They expect that when the Panama Canal is open that the hundreds of thousands of immigrants competing for a chance to make a living in this new land will add millions to their already swollen and unearned fortunes. This new power which they seek will increase their voting strength fourfold,and in itself increase the value of their lands by making its ownership necessary to a bonding vote.

How many members of the Realty Federation would build a house if they could not shift, not only the taxes, but also the interest and the yearly depreciation upon the tenant? How many would maintain their ownership of land if they could not get the taxes from the tenant and had small prospects of getting a future unearned increment through increased population? If the tenant of land pays the tax to the landlord, if the occupier of a house or a room pays the tax to the owner thereof, if the buyer of goods pays the tax to the seller, wherein can the realty holder claim to be the sole taxpayer of the State? Instead of being the actual taxpayers, they are simply the tax gatherers. The consumer or occupier is the final and only taxpayer. We are all consumers.

A great owner of tenanted property occupying the least amount for his personal sue, although he might claim to be a great taxpayer, would in fact be the least taxpayer of his thousands of tenants. By what rule of equity or common sense could he claim to be the sole dispenser of public bonding revenues? This measure points in the direction of property qualification, disfranchisement, feudalism. We are not now going in that direction.

Expenditure of public money, if wisely made in schools, road or public utilities, will add more than their cost to the land values of the district. It will add nothing to the value of personal property or improvements. Our policy of taxing personal property and improvements for those betterments, while the total increased value goes to the land, has given the land owners their unearned increments, at the expense of industry and labor. This exemption of land from paying its proper tax results in double taxation to the improver or user of property, be he owner or tenant.

The land owners of California should not be granted additional powers, but that which they now possess in conflict with the equal rights of all people should be taken away from them.

The getting of 50,000 names to a reactionary petition within two weeks in 46 counties is a challenge to the progressive thought of the State. We need some organization to take up this challenge and give battle—not only in defense of the rights we now possess, but to take from the wealthy classes those special privileges which they now enjoy. Two things should be done:

First.—Majority rule should be established, and one man's vote made the equal of every other man's vote.

Second.—The poll tax, which exempts land from its proper burden and is a direct assault on labor, should be abolished.

If no other organization could be perfected for the fight, the labor unions, whose members represent perhaps the largest percentage of those proposed for disfranchisement, could give battle. The mask of hypocritical civic righteousness should be torn from the California Realty Federation and they shown up in their true nakedness as the Great, the Reactionary, Tax Shifters of the State.

W. G. SAWIN,
Lomita Park, December 16, 1913.

Demented Man a Suicide

Last Friday afternoon Deputy Coroner Laying brought to the morgue the body of B. Bierdorf, who was discovered by W. Bammann hanging from a tree across the road from the residence of E. W. Smith near Holy Cross Cemetery. The body was still warm when found. The deceased had tied a baling rope to a small limb of the tree and then slid off. When the body was examined at the morgue nearly $400 was found neatly tucked away in his pocket. The deceased was evidently demented, as a letter found on the body would indicate this. It was written at San Francisco December 15, and addressed to a brother in Los Angeles. It was barely legible and in a rambling manner the writer spoke of being hounded. The letter contained a money order for $100 to be divided among his brothers and sisters. Deceased was a structural iron worker and a member of the San Francisco Building Trades Council. He was about 45 years of age.—Times-Gazette.

Corner Stone Laying

The corner stone of Burlingame's $25,000 City Hall will be laid on Saturday afternoon and impressive ceremonies have been arranged for the occasion by Trustee August Berg, who has charge of the program. Mayor Gustave J. McGregor will lay the corner stone with a silver trowel, which was presented to him by his friends. The oration, which will deal with the history of Burlingame, will be delivered by ex-Mayor Eric Lange. Appropriate musical numbers, including band selections and the singing of patriotic airs by 300 school children will be heard.

Sister doesn't care how little she is wearing when her brother is around. But it makes an awful difference when some other girl's brother shows up.

OFFICE OF THE CLERK OF THE BOARD OF SUPERVISORS
San Mateo County, November 25, 1913.

Sealed bids will be received by the clerk of the Board of Supervisors of San Mateo County, at his office, until 10 o'clock a. m., Monday, December 29th, 1913, for the grading of 5.928 miles of highway, on what is commonly known as the Colma to Halfmoon Bay Road, beginning at a point in said road about 350 feet southerly from the point where the center line of "A" street in Colma intersects the center line of said road, known as Station 19x00, Route 2, Division 1, Section 1 of San Mateo county Highways, and extends in a general southwesterly direction to a point about 717 feet southerly from the point where the said road crosses the Ocean Shore Railroad at Edgemar, and known as Station 167x00, Route 2, Division 1, Section 2 of San Mateo county Highways, in the First Road District of San Mateo county, California.

Specifications for this work are on file in the office of said Board, to which bidders are hereby referred.

All bids must be made upon blank form, to be obtained at the county surveyor's office of said county, at Redwood City; must give the prices proposed, both in writing and figures, and must be signed by the bidder, with his address.

The bid is to be accompanied by a certified check equal to ten (10) per cent of the total of the bid, upon the condition that if said bid shall be accepted, the party bidding will duly enter into the contract and faithfully perform his contract in accordance with his bid, and the plans and specifications. Such check to be made payable to said county of San Mateo.

A common law bond will be required for the faithful performante of the contract in such sum as shall be fixed by the said Board of Supervisors after the bids are opened; said sum shall not be less than one-fourth (¼), and not more than one-half (½) of the estimated amount of the contract; and a further bond in a sum equal to one-half (½) of the estimated amount of the contract must be furnished as required by the terms of an act entitled "An act to secure the payment of the claims of material-men, mechanics, or laborers, employed by contractors, upon State, municipal, or other public works," approved March 27th, 1897, and acts amendatory thereof.

The contractor to whom the contract may be awarded will be required to appear at the office of the county clerk, with the sureties offered by him, and execute the contract within ten (10) days (not including Sunday), from the date of the awarding of the contract, and in case of failure or neglect os to do, he will be considered as having abandoned it, and the check shall be forfeited to the said County of San Mateo.

Bids must be enclosed in a sealed envelope, addressed to the clerk of the Board of Supervisors, and must be endorsed "Bids for Grading County Road from Colma to Edgemar."

The Board of Supervisors reserves the right to reject any and all bids.

JOS. H. NASH,
Clerk of the Board of Supervisors of the County of San Mateo

Dec. 19-3t.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the matter of the estate of Sarah A. Thornton, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of said deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator at his residence in Colma, County of San Mateo, State of California, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of said estate in the said County of San Mateo, State of California.

R. S. THORNTON,
Administrator of the Estate of said deceased.

Dated, Redwood City, Cal., December 11, 1913.

Edward F. Fitzpatrick, Attorney for said estate.

This notice first appeared in the Daly City Record December 12, 1913, and continued 5 times.

Subscribe for the Record.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE County of San Mateo, State of California.
PROBATE.

In the matter of the Estate of Bridget E. Dunn, sometimes known as Bridget E. Dunne, Deceased.

No. 1716.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Josephine S. Dunn, administrator of the estate of the said Bridget E. Dunn, sometimes known as Bridget E. Dunne, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against said deceased, or her estate, to exhibit and present them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, (made December 26, 1913) to the administratrix of said estate, at the law office of Henry Ward Brown, on Washington street, between Dunks and Briggs streets, in Colma, County of San Mateo, State of California, the same being the place hereby designated by said administratrix for the transaction of the business of the estate of said Bridget E. Dunn, sometimes known as Bridget E. Dunne, deceased.

Dated, December 26th, A. D. 1913.

JOSEPHINE S. DUNN,
Administratrix of the Estate of Bridget E. Dunn, sometimes known as Bridget E. Dunne, deceased.

Henry Ward Brown, Attorney for said Administratrix, Colma, San Mateo County, Cal.

This notice first appeared in the Daly City Record December 26, 1913.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of San Mateo.
PROBATE.

In the matter of the Estate of John I. Hogan, Deceased. No. 1690.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Thomas J. Hogan, administrator of the estate of the said John I. Hogan, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against said deceased, or his estate, to exhibit and present them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice (made October 24th, 1913) to the administrator of said estate, at the law office of Henry Ward Brown, on Washington street, between Dunks and Briggs streets, in Colma, County of San Mateo, State of California, the same being the place hereby designated by said administrator for the transaction of the business of the said estate of John I. Hogan, deceased:

Dated, October 24th, 1913.

THOMAS J. HOGAN,
Administrator of the Estate of John I. Hogan, deceased.

Henry Ward Brown, Attorney for said Administrator, Colma, San Mateo County, Cal.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of San Mateo.
PROBATE.

In the matter of the Estate of Annie Erwin, Deceased. No. 1698.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Andrew L. Erwin, administrator of the estate of the said Annie Erwin, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against said deceased, or her estate, to exhibit and present them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice (made October 10th, 1913) to the administrator of said estate, at the law office of Henry Ward Brown, on Washington street, between Dunks and Briggs streets, in Colma, County of San Mateo, State of California, the same being the place hereby designated by said administrator for the transaction of the business of the estate of said Annie Erwin, deceased.

ANDREW L. ERWIN,
Administrator of the Estate of Annie Erwin, deceased.

Dated, October 10th, 1913.

Henry Ward Brown, attorney for said Administrator, Colma, San Mateo County, Cal.

NEW

PENINSULA THEATRE

DALY CITY'S
SPLENDID
Vaudeville and Movies

Cor. Mission a Templeton

This Play House is equal in its productions of Fine Pictures and Vaudeville Sketches to any place in San Francisco and the crowds each evening are idicative of the appreciative shown by th people.

JUST GO ONE EVENING AND BE OONVINCED

ANGELO SELMI
THE
LEADING
GROCER
Fruit & Vegetable Dealer
Goods Delivered Everywhere and Satisfaction Guaranteed.
DALY CITY CALIFORNIA

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Colma Pioneer Merchandise Store
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Groceries, Provisions, Hardware, Clothing,
Boots, Shoes and Hats
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Importers of Pure Italian Olive Oil.
Branch at Hillcrest, Public Tel. Station. Colma

NOTICE TO CREDIT ROS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of San Mateo.
PROBATE.

In the matter of the Estate of Giovanni Scramaglia, sometimes known as John Scramaglia, Deceased.

No. 1699.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Kate Scramaglia, Administratrix of the Estate of Giovanni Scramaglia, sometimes known as John Scramaglia, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said Giovanni Scramaglia, deceased, or his estate, to exhibit and present them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice (made November 28th, 1913) to the administratrix of said estate, at the law office of Henry Ward Brown, on Washington Street, between Dunks and Briggs streets, in Colma, County of San Mateo, State of California, the same being the place hereby designated by said administratrix for the transaction of the business of the estate of said Giovanni Scramaglia, somestimes known as John Scramaglia, deceased.

Dated, November 28th, 1913.

KATE SCRAMAGLIA,
Administratrix of the Estate of Giovanni Scramaglia, sometimes known as John Scramaglia, deceased.

Henry Ward Brown, Attorney for said Administratrix, Colma, San Mateo County, Cal.

This notice was first published In the Daly City Record, Friday, November 28, 1913.

NOTICE

Inviting Sealed Bids For The Purchase of Water Bonds of City of Daly City to The Amount Of $90,000.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT SEALED BIDS will be received by the Board of rTustees of the City of Daly City, State of California, up to the hour of 8 o'clock p. m. of Monday, the 5th day of January, 1914, for the purchase of Water Works Bonds of said city to the amount of $90,000.

Said bonds will be of the denomination of $1000 each, dated September 1, 1913, two (2) bonds maturing September 1, 1917; three (3) bonds maturing September 1, 1919; then four (4) of them on the same day of each year thereafter for a period of eight (8) years; then five (5) of them on the same day of each year thereafter for a period of ten (10) years. Said bonds were authorized at a special election held in Daly City June 21, 1913, and they bear interest at the rate of five and one-half (5½) per cent. per annum, payable semi-annually.

Bids shall be addressed to the City Clerk, endorsed "Proposals for the Purchase of Bonds," and each proposal shall be accompanied by a certified check to the amount of $600, conditioned that the purchaser will take and pay for any and all bonds that may be awarded to him, otherwise said money to be forfeited to and become the property of said City: procided, however, that no certified check shall be required of the State of California.

The Board of Trustees reserves the right to reject any and all bids.

Dated, Daly City, California, December 15, 1913.

GEO. N. SMITH,
0 ptheoyea8-atlO shrdlu etaoin vbgkqj cmmmf
City Clerk.

This notice first appeared in the Daly City Record on Friday, December 18, 1913.

A GREAT FEUD

It Was Between Workers In Wax

By F. A. MITCHEL

More than half a century ago there was a craze for m[illegible]ing in wax.

Among these w[illegible]orkers one became so much mo[illegible] skillful than the others that she at last found herself an object of jealousy to the other workers and their friends. This lady was the young Countess Hildegarde, a person of great modesty, who was not pleased in finding herself in such a position. When it was reported to her that she was an object of envy, that she was exciting antagonism among those at court, she was quite at a loss what to do in the matter.

Her nearest rival was the daughter of Prince Lichtenstein, who ruled over a territory some ten miles square. This princess, Sofia, being heiress to

THE CAPTAIN THREW HIS GLOVE AT THE PRINCE.

a large fortune, was a person of influence and much sought after by the marriageable young aristocrats attached to the court.

The king heard of the quarrels of the adherents of the two ladies and, naturally taking the part of a princess of the blood, treated Hildegarde with marked coolness. The poor girl was at her wits' end. To be brought into a contest with one so far above her in rank was sure to result disastrously to the weaker vessel. She was not permitted to leave the field, and if she remained in it she would surely come to grief.

To make matters worse, a young officer of the garde du corps, Captain von Helmsmuller, must needs fall in love with the countess and advocated her claims to superiority in waxworking so loudly that he called forth the antagonism of Prince Herbert, the king's youngest son, who was devoted to the Princess Sofia. What had before been a gale now became a hurricane. The king, who deprecated quarrels among his courtiers, strove to quiet the contending partisans, but failed. It seemed to Hildegarde that she must retire from court.

But when she mentioned this plan to her partisans they one and all intimated that they would consider such action an acknowledgment of defeat, a desertion of her supporters. The countess, unwilling to leave them in the lurch, after long deliberation finally hit upon an expedient which would show the folly of the war that was being waged and, she hoped, would end it.

She induced one of her friends to offer a suggestion that the two rivals each make a wax peach; that the models be exhibited for a time, at the end of which a vote be taken as to which was the better work, the artist receiving the higher vote to be considered in possession of the field, the one receiving the lower vote to refrain from further waxwork.

The suggestion, being talked about, reached the ears of the king, who, seeing in it a possible way to end the war, seized upon it eagerly, issued a command embodying it and adding to it an important feature. He decreed that the artist whose work was voted to excel the other was to be appointed waxworker to his majesty for life.

There was now nothing for it but that the contestants should give their whole attention to the work in hand. The princess took two weeks to do hers, while Hildegarde took but one. When the models were ready for exhibition each contestant put her peach in a glass receptacle provided for it and sent it by her own maid to be placed on a stand in the room of the palace provided for the exhibition. A silken cord stretched across the room, ten feet from the works to be voted on, kept those inspecting from going too near them.

Alas for hopes of peace! The very first day of the exhibition Prince Herbert and Captain von Helmsmuller met in the room where the peaches had been deposited and got into a quarrel over which peach was the better production.

"No one ever saw a peach," said the prince, referring to the countess' work, "of a hue like that—a yellowish brown. And look at the specks on it—they are unnatural."

"I grant, your royal highness," retorted the captain, "that the other peach is a representation of better fruit, but as to naturalness, why, any one can see easily that it is made of wax."

"Do you mean to tell me," retorted the prince, "that shrunken thing is a more perfect work of art than the luscious fruit beside it? You are a fool!"

"Were I of the same rank as your royal highness," the captain retorted angrily, "I would teach you that you cannot call an officer of the garde du corps a fool."

"I waive my rank."

"Very well; I will send one of my comrades to your royal highness immediately."

There were but two other persons in the room at the time, and the prince gave them the choice between keeping the matter secret and incurring his royal displeasure. Both persons promised not to tell, but the affair leaked out and was soon the talk of the court. The prince and the captain were regarded respectively as the champion of the princess and the countess.

Never before was such a hubbub raised in a court of Germany. The king was furious. He at once issued an order confining both his son and the captain in a fortress till he could be assured that they would not fight. He visited the room where the peaches were on exhibition and, seeing that the one that had been made by the princess was a far more beautiful fruit than that made by the countess, felt sure it would be pronounced so by an overwhelming vote and the controversy would be ended permanently. So he gave orders that the next day at noon the election should take place and that Prince Herbert and Captain von Helmsmuller should be present.

From 9 till 12 the next morning the room where the peaches were deposited was thronged with members of the court. The princess stood near her work and the countess near hers. Just beyond the cord before the princess stood Prince Herbert, and in the same relative position on the other side stood Captain von Helmsmuller, each champion glaring at the other. At 12 o'clock the voting commenced. There was not the slightest doubt as to which would win, for the admiration for the Princess Sofia's work was unbounded, while Hildegarde's was pronounced a miserable, shriveled little thing of no merit whatever.

At 12 o'clock the king ordered the two champions to act as tellers, and, taking their hats in their hands, they collected the votes. The chamberlain counted them and when he had finished announced the result:

"Her royal highness' work has received eighty-seven votes and the Countess Hildegarde's one."

The prince turned and greeted the captain with an insulting laugh. The captain threw his glove at the prince and struck him squarely in the face. The king, seeing his son thus attacked, indignant at such an affront to one of royal blood, gave his royal sanction to the meeting and was about to leave the room when the Countess Hildegarde advanced and, kneeling before him, said:

"It has been decided, your majesty, that I retire from the field of waxmaking. It only remains to assure these hotheaded champions that they have no cause for quarrel. Will your majesty deign to inspect the fruit that I have produced?"

Receiving the royal assent, she rose and, going to her work, raised the glass cover and took out the peach. Then, advancing to the king, she broke it in two halves, juice dropping on the floor, and, putting one half in her mouth, she gave the other to his majesty.

"Why, it's not wax at all!" he cried. "It's a real peach."

Then, putting the fruit in his mouth, he smacked his lips. "It's good, too; better than it looks," he exclaimed.

For a few moments the assembly stood gazing at one another shamefacedly. Then those nearest the door began to slip out, followed by the others, till none were left but the king, the prince, the princess and the countess.

"My son," said the king, "give the captain your hand."

The prince hesitatingly did as he was bidden, and the captain, delighted that his beloved Hildegarde had shown a higher skill than in working wax, grasped the prince's hand warmly. Then the king said to Hildegarde:

"I am convinced that by your wisdom and adroitness you have ended a feud which if it had continued would have spread over my whole kingdom. What can I do for you to show my appreciation of the service you have rendered?"

"A boon, your majesty!" cried Von Helmsmuller. "Let me receive the reward."

He looked at the countess, who, blushing and laughing at the same time, by a nod assented to his request.

"I ask your majesty," said the captain, "that I be rewarded with the lady's hand."

Hildegarde bowed her head and said nothing.

"Be it so," said the king.

The Princess Sofia swept haughtily out of the room. Within a few days the court circular announced her betrothal with Prince Herbert.

And that was the last of the feud of the workers in wax.

For the Children

Prince Knud of Denmark Belongs to Boy Scouts.

The king of Denmark's two sons, Crown Prince Frederick, fourteen years of age, and Prince Knud, thirteen, have been sleeping under canvas as boy scouts. The camp, which was established near Copenhagen, was international in character, 3,000 boys from several European countries having gathered for a boy scout demonstration.

When the king and queen visited the camp and reached the hut where the princes were the queen's motherly eyes observed that little Prince Knud had dirty hands, for which she gave him a royal scolding. Some of the other boys interceded, saying:

"Don't be cross with little Knud. He's all right, although he is a poor washer up. You had better teach him when he gets home."

The king could not help smiling and promised the boys that the matter should be attended to.

The two princes have had private tutors, but after vacation they will go to a high school. When Prince Knud's picture was taken he didn't have his boy scout uniform on.

The Curate.

A curate and vicar are chosen and as many trades or professions as there are players and when the curate has said to the one he wishes to attack, "I come from your house, Mr. Optician or Mme. Milliner (or any other tradesperson he chooses), but I did not find you in. Where were you?"

The person asked replies: "I was at (whom ever she pleases to say—hairdresser, tailor, jeweler, etc., provided the business has been taken). The person mentioned asks: "What were you doing there?" And the one questioned must answer something suited to the trade mentioned.

For instance: If he has been to the bookseller's, he says he was buying books. If to the grocer's, buying sugar or starch. The bookseller says he was at the binder's, who demands: "What were you doing there?" "Getting a book bound."

A forfeit must be given when something is said not suited to the trade mentioned. They may also say they have been to the curate's, and when he asks: "What were you doing there?" is answered: "Getting married," or anything relating to his ministerial duties, and he must make a proper reply.

Magic Music.

One of the players is sent out of the room, and the rest of them agree upon some simple task for him to perform, such as moving a chair, touching an ornament or finding some hidden object. He is then called in, and some one begins to play the piano. If the performer plays loudly the "seeker" knows that he is nowhere near the object he is in search for. When the music is soft, then he knows he is near, and when the music ceases altogether he knows that he has found the object he was intended to look for.

About Glassmaking.

Glassmaking was at one time the most aristocratic of all industries. A French law passed under Louis IX. allowed none but men of noble birth to set up glassblowing establishments, or even to work therein. For many centuries this was the only trade noblemen could venture to work in without any danger of losing caste. The art of glassmaking reached this country through France, and in its early days in England those engaged in it styled themselves "gentlemen glassblowers."

In Vacation Time.

Sometimes in my vacation days,
Before it is September,
I peep into my books to see
How much I can remember.
To me it is astonishing
How I've forgotten everything.
The maps are full of foreign lands;
The copybooks seem crazy;
The grammar's Greek no tongue can speak;
The history is hazy.
It even seems absurd to me
That nine times seven are sixty-three.
The holidays do surely change
Old things from what they were
And make familiar people strange.
Why, now, if Christopher
Columbus met me at the door
I'd hardly know him any more!

—Youth's Companion.

BROOKLYN TABERNACLE

BIBLE STUDY ON

"CHOOSE YE THIS DAY."

John 3:16—Dec. 28.

"For God so loved the world that He gave His Only Begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

THE closing of the year is properly considered an opportune time for balancing books, carrying forward profit and loss, and determining for the future. We may safely say, however, that no human soul can strike a thoroughly satisfactory balance of accounts unless Jesus has been partner and counsellor. And every one finding himself perplexed and discouraged, we would have know how to begin the new year aright, by entering into covenant relationship with the Redeemer, who declares, "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden; and I will give you rest."

Creedal Image of God

Today's Study is full of helpful instructions. The very first lesson is that "God so loved the world." The difficulty in the past has been that we have not emphasized the Love of God. How could we, when our eyes of understanding were misdirected by our creeds away from the God of the Bible to a creedal image picturing the Heavenly Father in most Satanic colors—more loveless than any demon we can possibly imagine.

But while we have gotten away from "the doctrines of demons," as St. Paul calls them (1 Timothy 4:1), Christendom still holds up those horribly slanderous creeds before the world, hindering them from getting even a glimpse of "the Love of God, which passeth understanding," and giving them, instead, terrible misrepresentations of Divine injustice.

But God's people are awakening to the Truth, and gradually gaining courage to assert it. We are now met with the difficulty that the world has so thoroughly believed our blasphemy of the Divine character that they can scarcely believe the gracious Message of the Bible—the Message of Divine Love.

Our text illustrates our former blindness. It does not say, as once we supposed, that God gave His Son to save us from eternal torture. Quite to the contrary, it declares that His mission was to save from perishing. When brute beasts die, they perish. God has made no provision for their resurrection. Mankind would have likewise perished, had it not been for God's Mercy and provision in Christ.

Because of Jesus' death there is to be a resurrection, not only of the just, now in harmony with God through faith, but also of the unjust—the unjustified, whose eyes of understanding have not yet opened to see the grace of God. Thus we read, "As all in Adam die, even so all in Christ shall be made alive." "Since by man came death, by a man also [Christ Jesus] comes the resurrection of the dead"—"every man in his own order."

"The Better Resurrection."

The chief resurrection to glory, honor and immortality is only for those called during this Gospel Age, who lay aside every weight and run the race with patience. These saintly ones will constitute the Royal Priesthood, who with Jesus as Royal Chief Priest, will bless the world, resurrecting mankind from sin and death conditions, during His Messianic Reign.

The Divine Plan is purposely so arranged that none can obtain everlasting life except through personal relationship to Christ, the Redeemer, and faith in His redeeming blood and obedience to His counsels. This being true, the heathen are yet unsaved. None living before Jesus came into the world are saved. The great mass of our friends and neighbors, yea, of our own families, are still unsaved; for they have not come into vital relationship with the Savior. "He that hath the Son hath life; he that hath not the Son shall not see life."

"Testified in Due Time."
—St. Paul.

"Testified In Due Time."

St. Paul, commenting upon the fact that Jesus died a Ransom-price for *all*, declares that this will be testified in due time. (1 Timothy 2:5, 6.) God's due time for the testimony to reach the *world* evidently has not yet arrived. The testimony began when Jesus "brought life and immortality to light through the Gospel." "So great salvation began to be spoken by our Lord."—Hebrews 2:3.

God has permitted this blindness, but declares that under the blessed influences of the Kingdom the true light shall shine everywhere. What a blessed vista this opens before us on behalf of the poor world! We thus see that God has special grace and blessing for His faithful Church, the saints; and we also perceive that He has a blessing for the world, although a different blessing from that provided for the Church. The latter are to have life on the Divine plane, sharers of the glory, honor and immortality of the Master, while the world, by faith and obedience during the Messianic Kingdom, may reattain earthly life and perfection, lost by Adam, but redeemed by Jesus at Calvary.

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THE HOUSE ON THE HILL

An Intruder Came and Lectured the Occupant

By ELEANOR TISDALE

On the front porch sat Edward Meredith at an easel, sketching the landscape before him. He was so interested in his work that he did not notice some boys who had climbed the apple trees and were poking and beating with sticks the apples on the branches they could not reach with their hands. Presently he heard a woman's voice:

"Come down, little boys. You have quite enough apples on the ground, to which you are welcome. You are breaking the limbs."

The artist laid down his palette, rested his maulstick against his easel and walked down to where stood a young woman and where boys who had descended from the trees were gathering apples from the ground. Raising his hat politely to the lady, he said:

"I beg pardon! By what authority do you give away my apples?"

"Do you own the place, sir?"

"I rent it, and that makes me the owner temporarily."

"Is the fruit yours?"

"The fruit, under the terms of the lease, belongs to the owner of the property, but it is under my guardianship."

"Do you consider that you are fulfilling your duty as guardian by permitting boys to come in and break the branches of the trees?"

The young man knit his brows.

"Will you kindly explain how you came to be appointed arbiter in this matter?" asked Meredith.

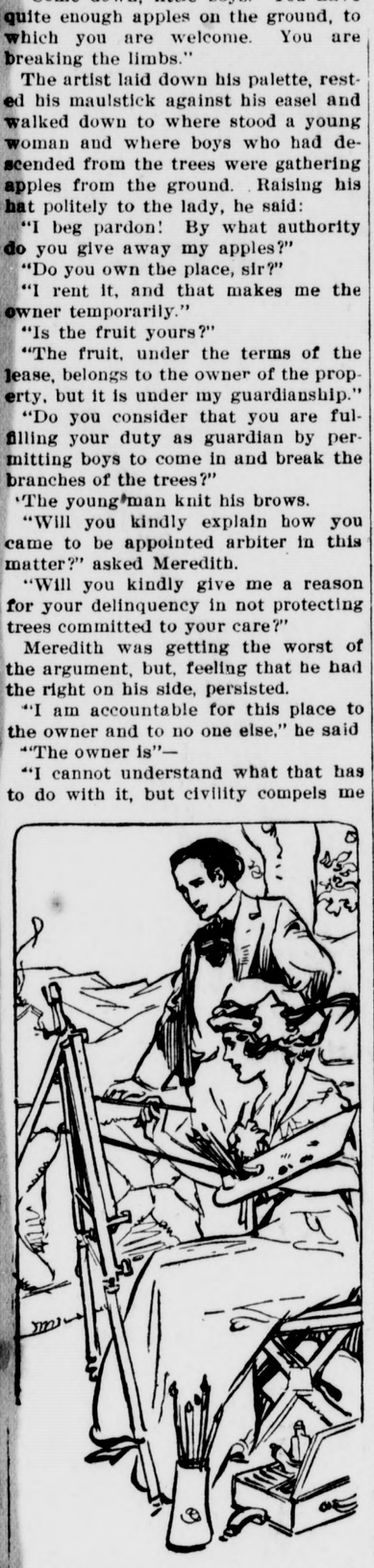
"Will you kindly give me a reason for your delinquency in not protecting trees committed to your care?"

Meredith was getting the worst of the argument, but, feeling that he had the right on his side, persisted.

"I am accountable for this place to the owner and to no one else," he said

"The owner is"—

"I cannot understand what that has to do with it, but civility compels me



"WHERE DID YOU LEARN TO PAINT?"

to reply to a civil question. The owner's name is Elizabeth Gawtry."

"Married or single?"

"That I do not know," was the somewhat impatient reply.

"Not know whether your landlady is a wife or a maid?"

"I have never seen her, nor can I understand what her status has to do with your entering my grounds and administering the property."

"If you see a swindle going on before your eyes, don't you think it your duty to protect the person swindled? I do not accuse you of swindling the woman, whoever she may be, but you are very negligent of her interests, and my interference is justified."

This was spoken with perfect coolness, without rancor and rather as an explanation than as a reproof. The woman, so the artist judged, could not be more than twenty-two years old and was singularly attractive. I say singularly, for she seemed to have an individuality of her own. From being irritated Meredith began to be interested, curious as to what meant this intrusion and why the lady had taken it into her head to protect the fruit trees, to give away the apples and lecture him for not taking better care of the property. He began to feel that he should exercise more politeness to a woman, especially a woman young and comely. He was young himself and noted for his deference to the gentler sex.

"I have no seat to offer you here," he said, "but if you will come up to the house I can make you more comfortable."

"That will do, little boys, you have plenty. Now run along, and if you come in here again do apples take only those you find on the ground." Then, turning to Meredith, she accepted his invitation.

He did not know whether to be more astonished at her instructions to the boys or her willingness to go with him. It was but a short distance to the porch, and when they reached it the lady at once took position before the picture Meredith had been sketching and looked from it to its subject with a critical eye.

"Very good," she said, "but this is not the best view here to treat effectively on canvas. That vista between the trees over there would make a far more attractive picture."

What did this mean? A woman had come into his premises, had given away the fruit, had scolded him for not taking better care of the property, and now she was finding fault with him for not choosing the best subject for his picture! He stood gazing at her with renewed astonishment, then fixed his eyes on the vista she had referred to and was the more chagrined at perceiving that she was right. He wondered why he had not chosen this scene rather than the one he was sketching.

"Your drawing of the little house on the side of the mountain," said the girl, "is defective. You can do better than that. Try again."

"Perhaps you will do me the favor to put it in for me," said Meredith in an icy tone.

"Do you really wish it?"

"I do."

Seating herself before the easel, she took up palette, brush and maulstick and with a few dashes of the brush converted a clumsy piece of work into a distant house blending with the mountain mist.

"Where did you learn to paint?" asked the astonished Meredith.

"I have been recently studying in Munich and other European cities."

"Is there anything else you can teach me how to do?"

The girl looked at him, and a smile struggled to obtain the mastery on her lips, but it faded, seeing by her questioner's expression that he was not in the best of humor with her.

"I am not aware," she said, "that I can do anything better than you."

"You can certainly guard the fruit trees of this place better than I."

"You mean that were I in your place I might be more attentive to them. I see now why you have seemed neglectful. The demands of art do not admit of the artist chasing boys out of apple trees."

"Be that as it may, you can paint better than I."

"I may have had more instruction, more practice."

"Are you as proficient in music as you are in art?"

"Why do you ask?"

"Because I flatter myself that I am a fairly good pianist, and I'll warrant you can prove yourself a far better one."

"Then you are doubtless my superior. I pretend to play only accompaniments. Let us go inside and determine this question."

"How did you know that I have a piano?"

"If you play the instrument it is to be presumed that you have one."

He followed her in as she went straight to the piano. Looking over some music, she selected a sonata, spread the sheets on the rack and asked him to play. He asked her to precede him, but she declined, so he played for her with remarkable expression and touch.

"You have beaten me. I can't vie with you on the piano, but I will sing for you."

She took his place at the piano and sang "Home, Sweet Home," with a feeling that he had never heard expressed before, yet it was very sad.

"I have it!" he exclaimed when she had finished.

"Have what?"

"The riddle is solved."

"You talk in riddles."

"Your singing that ballad so divinely is only to be accounted for in the fact that this is your home. You are my landlady, Miss Gawtry."

"Why do you think so?"

"Every condition fits. By the terms of my lease the fruit on the place is yours. You are familiar, doubtless from childhood, with the landscapes surrounding the place. You knew there was a piano here and on entering the house went straight to it. Now, tell me why there was that melancholy in your voice when you sang 'Home, Sweet Home.'"

A moisture came into her eyes. She made no reply to what he had said for some time, and when she did her voice trembled.

"I am the last of my family. Father, mother, sisters, brothers, are all gone. When the last one left me I shut up this our homestead and went to live in a city. From there I sailed for Europe to study music and painting, leaving orders that the place be rented."

"And I, coming by on a sketching tour and taking a fancy to the place and the scenery about it, rented it."

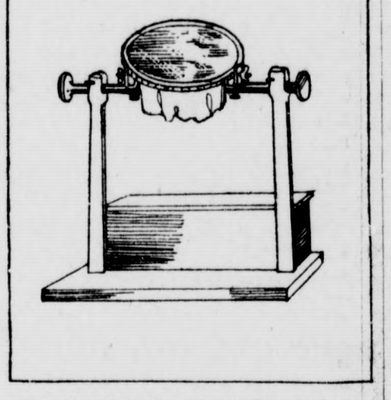
A door opened, and the housekeeper announced luncheon. Meredith prevailed upon the lady to lunch with him, and while they were at table she mentioned many things about the place that he had not noticed, entertaining him with reminiscences, at some of which she laughed and at others wept.

All this happened years agone. Meredith in time married his landlady and never reverts to his first meeting with his wife without wondering why this rencontre with the girl he was to marry should have been so unpropitious to a love affair. His wife tells him that he was very stupid not to have seen at once that she was fooling him.

The Merediths do not live on the place where they first met. It was too full of sad memories for Mrs. Meredith. She would never sell it, but she would never live in it.

HINTS FOR THE BUSY HOUSEWIFE

An Embroidery Frame That Leaves the Hands Free.



For the benefit of needle and embroidery workers an Indiana man has designed a handy apparatus. A lapboard has a pair of uprights mounted on it and rocking arms resting in grooves at the tops of the standards. These are short arms, and on their inner ends are clamps to hold the hoops in which the fabric is held taut. On the outer ends of the arms are knobs by means of which they may be manipulated. An elbow rest is mounted in front of the uprights. The needle worker holds the device on her lap and by turning the knobs on the outer ends of the arms adjusts the hoop to whatever angle she desires. It is thus held firmly, and she can give her whole attention to the making of intricate stitches and if necessary rest her forearms.

Deviled Tomatoes.

Peel and slice tomatoes, sprinkle them with salt and pepper, dredge with flour and fry in butter. Place on a hot platter and pour over this dressing: Four tablespoonfuls of butter creamed with two tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar, one teaspoonful of mustard, one quarter of a teaspoonful of salt, a little cayenne and the yolk of a hard boiled egg. Add one egg slightly beaten and two tablespoonfuls of vinegar. Cook over hot water till it thickens, stirring all the time with a silver or wooden spoon.

Corn Chowder.

Put a large spoonful of bacon fat into a frying pan, and when hot put in a medium sized onion cut into thin slices, cook till soft and yellow, add a pint of water and let simmer. Pare four or five potatoes, slice thin, put in a pan, pour over them the water from the onions, add more water if necessary and cook till potatoes are tender. Then add a pint of green corn or canned corn, a pint of milk and salt and pepper to taste. Mix well, let it get very hot, stir in a spoonful of butter and serve.

Spanish Pork Chops.

Put two pounds of pork chops into a baking pan with one cupful of hot water. Place in a hot oven and bake one-half hour, basting often. Then take out, sprinkle with salt and pepper and cover with one pound of onions, sliced thin. Bake fifteen minutes, then cover with one-half can of tomatoes and bake again for twenty minutes. Put meat and vegetables on heated platter, pour gravy around meat and serve at once.

Southern Corn Pone.

One cupful of white cornmeal, one teaspoonful of salt, one tablespoonful of lard, enough boiling water to moisten the meal, two tablespoonfuls of cold sweet milk and one tablespoonful of sugar. Stir all together, beat in two eggs and add two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Have buttered pan very hot and bake in quick oven twenty-five minutes.

Southern Beaten Biscuit.

One pint of flour, one rounding tablespoonful of lard, one-half teaspoonful of salt and one-half cupful of milk of water. Put lard and salt into sifted flour, blend thoroughly and add liquid. The dough should be thick and stiff. Knead until it blisters, roll as thin as possible, prick with fork and bake in quick oven.

Brunswick Stew.

This is a Virginia dish and very palatable. A medium sized chicken cut as for frying, two ears of corn cut from the cob, a generous handful of lima beans and three tomatoes. The chicken is parboiled and then add the vegetables, add also seasoning of salt and pepper and the whole cooked one hour.

Honey Gingerbread.

Put a scant teaspoonful of soda in a teacup, pour five tablespoonfuls of hot water on the soda; then fill the cup with extracted honey. Take one-half cupful of butter and one egg and beat together. Add two cupfuls of flour and one teaspoonful of ginger. Stir all together and bake in a very slow oven.

Spiced Tomatoes.

To each pound of sliced, ripe, red tomatoes allow one-half teaspoonful each of cinnamon, clove and allspice and one-fourth teaspoonful salt, one-half pound of sugar and one scant half pint of vinegar. Simmer till thick and place in jars.

Gems In Verse

THE INVITATION.

COME on, brother! Take it easy for a day.
Let's be truants, blithe and breezy, out for play.
Here's a spot for pleasant dreaming
Where the slender birches sway.
Here's a pool where trout are gleaming
If your thoughts for fishing stray.
Rest a bit from toil and scheming and we'll play.

HERE the air is soft and hazy. It's a crime
Not to linger and be lazy for a time.
So while summer skies are warming
And the heart beats all in rime
Let us steal a day from farming,
From our daily grit and grime.
Let us stop where life is charming for a time.

THEN when we have rested, neighbor,
Loafed and loitered for a day,
We'll go back again to labor
All the better for our play.
—Berton Braley.

OLD SHIPS.

BY wharves that droop to voiceless tides
The faded ships remain.
On creaking spars the north wind rides
And weeps the winter rain.

Gray, battered veterans of the sea,
They swing with listless sway,
Aroused no more by storm wind's glee
Or upward splashing spray.

But in the night when all the din
Of life around is still
Their voices rise in accents thin,
High with the old glad thrill.

They dream of billowing, bellied sail,
Of whitecaps' gay salute,
Of faroff comrade's cheery hail,
Of seagull's raucous hoot.

Of voyage far, when wind and wave
Called gently from the sea;
Of mates who in a gloomy grave
Shall sleep eternally.

Beside the wharves they strain and swing,
Gray dreamers of the tide;
No more to hear the breakers sing
Or brave the sea wastes wide.
—Arthur Wallace Peach.

LOVE AT SEA.

WE are in love's land today.
Where shall we go?
Love, shall we start or stay
Or sail or row?
There's many a wind and way
And never a May but May.
We are in love's hand today.
Where shall we go?

Our land wind is the breath
Of sorrows kissed to death
And joys that were.
Our ballast is a rose.
Our way lies where God knows
And love knows where.
We are in love's hand today.

Our seamen are fledged loves;
Our masts are bills of doves,
Our decks fine gold;
Our ropes are dead maids' hair;
Our stores are love shafts fair
And manifold.
We are in love's land today.

Where shall we land you, sweet?
On fields of strange men's feet
Or fields near home,
Or where the fire flowers blow,
Or where the flowers of snow
Or flowers of foam?
We are in love's hand today.

Land me, she says, where love
Shows but one shaft, one dove,
One heart, one hand.
A shore like that, my dear,
Lies where no man will steer,
No maiden land.
—Algernon Charles Swinburne.

THE SUMMER WOODS.

'TIS Sabbath, and the quivering world,
In wild confusion here and there,
Hath gone its way, while I, apart,
Have sought this perfect note of prayer.

NO rustle here of silken gowns;
The pines are dark and still and high;
The sunbeams glinting where they will
To link my dreaming to the sky.

FLITS now and then some timid bird,
The noon deep shadow on his breast,
Whose silent wonder asks why I
Invade his holy haunts of rest.

THESE are God's columned corridors;
I cross myself, repeat my creed—
Eternal power, eternal love,
O soul of mine, eternal need!
—Herbert Randall.

A WORD.

A WORD is dead
When it is said,
Some say.
I say it just
Begins to live
That day. —Selected.

GRANDPA AND ME.

MY grandpa says that he was once
A little boy like me.
I s'pose he was, and yet it does
Seem queer to think that he
Could ever get my jacket on
Or shoes or like to play
With games and toys and race with Duke,
As I do every day.

He's come to visit us, you see.
Nurse says I must be good
And mind my manners, as a child
With such a grandpa should.
For grandpa's very straight and tall
And very dignified.
He knows most all there is to know
And other things beside.

So, though my grandpa knows so much,
I thought that maybe boys
Were things he hadn't studied—
They make such awful noise.
But when at dinner I asked for
Another piece of pie
I thought I saw a twinkle
In the corner of his eye.

So yesterday when they went out
And left us two alone
I was not quite so much surprised
To find how nice he'd grown.
You should have seen us romp and run!
My, now I almost see
That p'raps he was long, long ago
A little boy like me!
—Round Table.

NEED.

AS earth needs night wherein to find the peace
That brings from strife and toil a glad surcease,
So earth needs sorrow, that our hearts may see
Beneath life's fret love's calm eternity.
—Arthur Wallace Peach.

THE TWISTED VINE

A Story of the Orinoco

By CLARISSA MACKIE

It was very quiet in that jungle along the upper reaches of the Orinoco river.

Charles Goodell, orchid hunter for a rich Philadelphia collector, stood on the high bank of the river and looked longingly up at the cluster of mauve orchids clinging to the top of a rotted tree trunk that overhung the river. It was a lofty tree, and, bowed with disease and age, it bent its head, decked with the delicate butterfly blossoms, over the slothful river that it would bridge when it crashed down in the hurricane season.

Goodell's Carib Indians had refused to climb the tree and were now squatting sullenly around a little fire on which a bird was cooking.

The mauve orchids tempted Goodell beyond discretion. He decided to mount the tree and secure them himself, although he knew the risk he ran in doing so.

If the tree should fall under his weight he would be flung into the river, a prey to the vicious alligators or the venomous snakes that abounded.

But the securing of this particular specimen would not only be a triumph, but it meant a liberal sum of money added to the store he was saving up for a home and the girl he expected to make his wife on his return.

He had examined the orchid through his fieldglasses, and he was convinced that it was the long lost specimen that Mr. Clay, his employer, had offered $10,000 for. There were the delicate mauve outer leaves with the hearts of flaming crimson and orange, with marvelous stripings of black.

There were two ways of reaching the mauve orchids. One was to climb the tree trunk with the risk of weighting it down to destruction when he reached the upper part. This way was hindered by a tangle of great vines that

THE BULLET WENT OVER ITS HEAD.

must be cut through with a machete before he could reach the coveted prize.

The other way was to climb up the great twisted vine that hung downward from the very point where the orchids clung to the tree. The vine swung almost within his reach now, and its lower end touched the surface of the water.

"The twisted vine," he decided at last, and, tossing aside his hat, he pulled on heavy gauntlets, saw that his leather puttees covered every exposed portion of his lower limbs and took hold of the twisted vine.

His Indians gathered around the tree with the eager curiosity of children in the performance of his difficult feat. As he pulled himself up by the strength of his massive arms and shoulders his legs and feet were twined about the thick vine.

Suddenly the Indians uttered shrill cries of alarm and disappeared in the jungle.

Goodell, glancing down, saw nothing to frighten them, and, noting that his specimens were safe, went stolidly up on his perilous climb; the vine swayed now and then under his weight, but its upper tendrils appeared to be firmly fastened to the tree trunk, while its roots were strongly intrenched in the river bottom.

Goodell did not know when he felt a change in the character of the vine up which he was climbing with the orchids ever growing nearer to his eager touch.

First the twisted vine had been slightly rough, but its bark appeared to be smooth now, sometimes almost slippery to the touch, and once Goodell would have sworn that it moved. But it was cold and clammy. Once his face touched it, and he drew back with a feeling of sickening revulsion. He felt faint and dizzy, and he closed his eyes.

When he opened them again it was to confront the real horror of the situation.

No wonder his Caribs had fled in terror. Later they would come back, peering fearfully to gain possession of the specimen cases because their employer would never need them again.

The heavy vine twisted upward to the orchids now only fifteen feet above his head. He looked at them with starting eyes because swaying above them was the monstrous, threatening head of a boa constrictor whose great body was twisted around the vine to which he clung.

How his keen eyes had failed to detect the body of the great snake as it twisted up and around the large trunk of the giant vine he never knew.

Death stared him in the face. If he dropped into the river the monster's tail could catch him ere he fell, and, failing in that, the deadly water serpents would put him out of existence.

Already the body moved sluggishly, but his fascinated eyes did not leave the hideous head among the orchids. The flat eyes regarded him with cold hatred; the ugly mouth grinned.

He heard the distant shouts of his Indians. Even if they had come to him they could not help him.

His first downward movement would be the signal for the beginning of the end.

He closed his eyes and prayed. He thought of his mother and of Alice Blake, the girl he was to marry.

His grip loosened on the twisted vine, so dreadfully imbued with life; his feet slipped.

The vine moved.

He looked up and saw that the ugly head was lowered.

Again he slipped down and again the vine moved.

Cold sweat broke out on his body and his face dripped.

Now he bent his body and looked down at the tail of the serpent. It had loosened from the vine and was moving to and fro like the pendulum of a clock.

Death above and death below! Well, he would die fighting.

His hand found his revolver, and he wriggled around until he could see the head again.

It had flattened itself among the orchids and was regarding him coldly as before. He would wait until it lifted again, and when its throat was presented to view he would try to blow the head off. It would be difficult at that distance with a single shot, and the death agonies of the reptile might involve his own death.

Goodell closed his eyes again and muttered a prayer as the strongest men do in moments of danger. The head was lifting again and resumed its swaying movement. Higher, higher it went, until the mottled throat was revealed.

Spat!

The bullet went over its head. His arm was unsteady; he must try again. Again he raised the automatic revolver, and again it sounded on the heavy jungle air.

Spat!

The head of the reptile wagged violently and all outlines were lost as the bullet found its mark. The great body trembled violently, the tail lashed to and fro, and the vine slipped downward.

Charles Goodell slipped down, his eyes ever on the horrid specter of the descending head.

Once he glanced below and saw that the tail was lashing the water. He took courage and slipped farther down. The great body of the dying reptile came down with him.

Three feet above the river bank he could stand the horror no longer, and he dropped, clutching at a young green vine that swung harmlessly near.

The green vine held and broke his fall. He swung violently to and fro, and when a favorable opportunity presented itself he loosened his hold and fell upon the ground close beside his heap of specimen cases. Then he fainted away for the first time in his adventurous life.

He recovered consciousness almost immediately, for the shots had brought back his frightened Indians, and they gathered about him with scared looks and pointing fingers.

He took out his emergency flask and restored in a measure his shattered nerves. He sent them to the river to look at the dead carcass of the boa constrictor, but always they came back and gazed at him as though upon a spirit from another world.

Looking at his watch, he found that three hours had passed since he had climbed the twisted vine. It had seemed like fifteen minutes. No wonder he felt like an old man under the consuming fear of those three horrible hours.

The continued wonder of his guides excited his impatience, and he drew out a pocket mirror and looked at himself.

His face peered at him pale and haggard. His abundant hair was white as snow.

The wondering Indians now climbed the tree without protest, and the mauve orchids which had blanched Goodell's hair to obtain were packed away in the specimen cases, and the little expedition turned down the river.

Many weeks later Charles Goodell appeared in Philadelphia and delivered his consignment of valuable orchids to his employer. But the case of mauve orchids came last.

"How about these?" demanded Mr. Clay eagerly.

"Those," said Goodell slowly, "are the price of my nerve and a portion of my youth. I shall never hunt another orchid, Mr. Clay. The price of the mauve orchids is $25,000."

"I will pay it," said the rich man quickly, "and afterward you may tell me the reason why you value them so highly."

So Charles Goodell told him the story of the twisted vine as I have told it to you.

A COMPARISON

In the first column below we have reprinted a story which appeared in the Coming Nation during the last Presidential campaign. Of course, it is pure fiction, having no foundation in fact, but you wouldn't blame anyone for hoping that it would happen, if he had been one of the victims of the raid described in the second column, wherein is reproduced a press dispatch which appeared in one of the San Francisco evening papers of the date of the dispatch.

In the dispatch from Nowhere the writer, with all his radicalism, doesn't suggest any action so law-defying as what actually happened in Calumet, for he makes the police do it, whereas, in Calumet it was the Citizens' Alliance—not officers of the law—who did the manhandling.

Read these two articles, and then wonder, if what is described in the second column keeps up, how long it will be before we'll be ready for what happened in Nowhere.

POLICE CLUB CAPITALISTS

Declare That Dangerous Gang Must Be Broken Up—All Capitalists Will Be Summarily Dealt With.

Nowhere, U. S. A., 00.—Upon the advice of detectives the police yesterday broke into the stockholders' meeting of the American Dividends Company, known as the Dividend Trust, which has a monopoly of many of the necessaries of life. It has been suspected for some time that the stockholders expected to strike for higher prices. Anticipating this, a squad of police was secreted in an ante-room and, when the meeting was at its height, they broke in, scattered the assembly and confiscated their records. Those who resisted were clubbed. Mr. Portly Goldgrabber, president of the company and well known philanthropist, was placed under arrest.

At the same hour, the police in other parts of the city were also busy. Some of the capitalists having received a tip that trouble was coming had arranged to send their children abroad on the Gigantic. These children were seized and will be held as witnesses.

At three o'clock, the Chief of Police issued an order to the effect that all halls and public streets should be closed to the meetings of those who are trying to increase dividends. All capitalists found riding in the park or other public places will be looked upon as conspirators and summarily dealt with. This gang must be broken up, the police declare. Human life is not safe so long as they are allowed to run at large or conspire behind closed doors. We are interested in law and order and the welfare of the people.

At three thirty, Chief of Detectives Popully, who has worked up the case, gave an interview to the press. He said: "I have gone into this case very thoroughly. That they are a very lawless crowd doesn't admit of the slightest doubt. They are a serious menace to the public, for they will go to any lengths to increase dividends. I have traced scores and scores of crimes and outrages to their machinations. Among the most important of these, I may mention mine explosions, railroad wrecks, wholesale poisonings from adulterants, deaths from fire owing to insufficient safeguards, hundreds of deaths due to diseases caused by overwork and undernourishment. Every one of these crimes is due to the fact that these men consider dividends more important than humanity."

When one of the lawyers for the defense asked the Chief of Police if he wasn't exceeding his authority and violating constitutional rights, he admitted that he probably was. "But," he explained, "it has been the practice for the police to invade constitutional rights in dealing with the poor. Why should we make an exception of the rich?"

STRIKERS FIGHT TEN HOURS

Barricaded in Their Hall, Idle Copper Workers Give Big Citizens' Alliance Posse Battle and Then Surrender

Calumet, Mich., Dec 11.—Barricaded in their federation hall at South Range, a strong party of striking miners resisted an attempt by a small army of deputies and members of the Citizens' Alliance to break in and arrest them.

The battle began at 2 a. m. and ended at noon, when the strikers surrendered. The barricaded miners made so effective a defense that the attacking party had to call for reinforcements, and at 5 a. m. a special trainload of members of the Citizens' Alliance left Houghton for the scene of the engagement, followed by another trainload at 9 o'clock.

The miners were all arrested and 30 rifles and a quantity of ammunition found in the hall was thrown into Portage Lake. Deputy Driscoll was the only participant in the battle who was fatally hurt.

The federation hall was surrounded, but the rain of bullets from within kept the besiegers at a distance. Deputy Tom Driscoll of Houghton was fatally shot in an attempt at a rush and it was reported here that others were wounded.

At noon a hurry-up call was received for still more reinforcements and a third special trainload of members of the Citizens' Alliance was dispatched in hot haste.

The firebells were rung here and at Houghton, summoning all members of the Alliance together and several thousand were held in readiness to respond to the next call.

Arrests were being made at South Range while the battle raged, and by noon 50 strikers had been locked up.

An outbreak also occurred at Quincy during the forenoon, in which three deputies were shot, two of them fatally.

Accepts Responsible Position

Mrs. C. L. McCracken, for the past three years in charge of the offices of Dr. J. L. Ross of this city, has been appointed matron of the Red Cross Hospital at San Mateo and will begin her new duties on the first of the month. The new hospital building was erected by Mrs. Whitelaw Reid to the memory of her mother, Mrs. D. O. Mills, and her husband, the late Whitelaw Reid. It is estimated that the building will cost upwards of $200,000. It will be ready for the reception of patients on January 10. The directors of the institution are composed of the wealthy ladies of San Mateo. They certainly made a wise and splendid selection in appointing Mrs. McCracken as matron. She has had three years of this kind of work and is well equipped in every way to assume the large burdens the position will impose. Mrs. McCracken's son, Charles, who is a clerk in the Frst National Bank, will remain in Redwood City. Mrs. McCracken is to be congratulated upon her good fortune in securing the coveted prize. —Times-Gazette.

Taking His Choice

Governor Colquitt recently granted a conditional pardon to a prisoner in one of the Texas penitentiaries, the condition being that the liberated man would return home and live with his wife. After a brief trial the man showed up in Austin and asked to be returned to the prison, saying that while he loved his freedom he did not desire it under the conditions imposed. Accordingly the Governor revoked the pardon and the man is again "doing time." Another problem for the prison reformers.—Galveston Labor Dispatch.

IMPORTATION OF ANIMALS

Since 1793 the various tariff acts, with the exception of the act of May 16, 1866, have provided for the entry free of duty, under certain restrictions, of pure-bred animals for breeding purposes. This provision is continued by paragraph 397 of the tariff act approved October 3, 1913. Such animals, to be admitted free of duty, must be recorded in a book of record recognized by the Secretary of Agriculture, and the certificates of registry and pedigree are to be submitted to the Department of Agriculture. The Secretary of Agriculture is authorized to make such regulations as are deemed essential to determine the purity of breeding and the identity of such animals. In order to carry out these provisions a list of the various books of record which are recognized is published as Order 206 of the Bureau of Animal Industry. This order also gives directions for obtaining the Department's certificates of pure breeding, which are required by the customs officials for the entry free of duty of animals imported for breeding purposes.

Paragraph 397 of the tariff act does not require the submission to the collectors of customs of the certificates of the foreign societies, but permits the Agriculture Department to return them direct to the importers when the same have served the purpose of that department.

As paragraph 619 of the present tariff act provides for the entry free of duty of cattle, sheep and swine, the collectors of customs will not require the certificates issued by the Department of Agriculture for the free entry of such animals. Consequently the only societies (pedigree associations) recognized at the present time under the provisions of paragraph 397 are those for horses, dogs and cats.

REALTY TRANSFERS

Mary C McKim and husband to H. Wagner, lot 10, block 23, Montara.

Mary C. McKim and husband to H. Wagner, lots 33 and34, block 24, Montara.

Montara Realty Development Co. to B. F. Frisby, lot 8, block 3, Second Addition to Montara.

Harr Wagner to Madge M. Wagner, lot 10, block 23, Montara.

R. H. Smith to Martin Burns, lot 6, block 8, Huntington Park.

E. M. Lapachet and wife to H. Brown, lots 23 to 28, block 6, Redwood Park.

I. M. Cobe and wife to H. R. Grantley, lots C and D, block 6, Burlingame Terrace.

Shore Line Investment Co. to M. A. Thurber, lot 36, block 48, Granada.

Estella J. Walkington to Jas. H. Taylor, lot 10, block 18, Western Addition to San Mateo.

A. Malerbi and wife to C. M. Ward and wife, portion lot 2, block 24, Union Park.

R. H. Smith to J. Callaghy and wife, lots 26 and 27, block 2, Huntington Park.

H. D. McGarvey to D. A. Amador, lot 37, block 3, Portola Addition.

M. R. Hill to F. C. Gerlach, lot 6, block 55, Farallone City.

C. M. Miall to L. F. Miall, lots 15 and 16, block 24, Easton Addition to Burlingame 2.

C. C. Shepherd and wife to Edith G. Reynolds, lots 14 and 15, block 43, Lyon & Hoag Subdivision.

F. J. Alger to O. E. Alger, portion lots 12 and 13, block 9, Town of Burlingame, Polo Subdivision.

Ravenswood Investment Co. to R. Farnsworth, lot 16, block 4, Ravenswood Place.

F. P. Brophy and wife to J. Anderson, lot 7, block 15, Princeton-by-the-Sea.

Shore Line Investment Co. to V. Matraia, lot 7, block 46, Granada.

W. Breen to P. O'Keefe, lot 1, block 9, Crocker Tract.

Fannie L. Baxter to Mary T. Murphy, lot 18, block 35, Redwood Park.

Brighton Beach Development Co. to F. F. Atkins, lots 20 to 23, block 13, Brighton Beach.

D. A. Spoward Jr. to W. S. Hackett, lots 47 and 48, block 14, $75 Lot Homestead.

Emma J. Bennett to J. E. Bennett, portion lots 82 and 83, San Mateo Park.

Surf Beach Realty Co. to Mary Conroy, lot 28, block 8, Surf Beach.

S. Gottfried et al to S. Gottfried, lot 28, block C, Mission Street Tract.

H. C. Cassen to South San Francisco Land and Improvement Co., lots 20 and 22, Peck's Subdivision, South San Francisco.

R. Hannan to South San Francisco Land and Improvement Co., lot 21, block S, Peck's Subdivision, South San Francisco.

H. L. Williams and wife to J. Tuscano, lot 10, block G, Boyd & Kent Addition to Redwood.

R. B. Bain and wife to L. Finzi, lot 4, lbock 31, Easton Addition to Burlingame.

E. D. Silva to C. B. Smith, 131.08 acres, otrpion Buri Buri Rancho.

C. B. Smith and wife to J. H. T. Watkinson, 131.08 acres, portion Buri Buri Rancho.

Kern-Neilan C. oto E. Giovannetti, lot 36, block 20, Union Park.

Kern-Neilan Co. to Adolfo Consani, lots 14 and 15, block 21, Union Park.

Kern-Neilan Co. to V. Banducci, lots 16 and 17, block 21, Union Parkr.

R. Vandeventer to Ida M. Black, lot 17, block 7, Rockaway Beach.

R. W. Preston to E. Preston, lots 12 and 13, block 8, Miramar Terrace.

R. H. Smith to Wm. Przyborowski, lot 23, block 2, Huntington Park.

R. H. Smith to L. Przyborowski, lot 22, block 2, Huntington Park.

Shore Line Investment Co. to M. C. Clarke, olt 7, block 52, Granada.

Printers Are Philosophers

A story that has running through it a vein of humor is to the effect that in the old days of hand composition a printer from New York known as Pilgrim Haslett wandered into a Pennsylvania town and asked the editor of a weekly paper for a job.

"Well," said the editor, "I can put you to work, but I am afraid I cannot pay you much money."

"Make me an offer," said Pilgrim.

"All right, I can give you two meals a day at my house, you can sleep in the office on this lounge, and I'll take care of your laundry. Then if you need tobacco get it across the street at the grocery—they run an account with us—and up at the brewery you can get a can of beer whenever you like. Besides, I will pay you $4 a week.'

"Gosh," said Pilgrim, after repeating the offer to get it straight in his mind, "if I get all that what do I want with the $4?"

What's Her Husband's Name?

Miss B. Argan of the Montara Inn visited her husband, who is employed in San Francisco, Tuesday and Wednesday.—Coast Side Comet.

Advertise in the Local Paper

Of all forms of advertising there is nothing equal to an attractive display ad in the local paper to produce the desired results. Many a business man has tried every other plan of advertising only to recognize at last that a paper read by the community is the best form of telling the public what one has to offer. At one time signs, big and little, erected in almost every conceivable place, were largely used, but their principal effect was to disfigure the landscape. The ad in the local paper possesses every advantage that other forms of advertising have and many more that they cannot possibly possess. It is read not when people are whirling through space in an auto or speeding along in a railway car, but at one's leisure in one's own home. It is read by nearly everybody and its form can be as frequently changed as one may desire.

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John Lee, building contractor, San Mateo.
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McMahon, electrical contractor, Burlingame.
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Union men please take notice

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IN EFFECT NOVEMBER 16, 1913

To San Francesco		Fr. San Francisco	
Leave San Mateo	Arrive S. F.	Leave S. F.	Arrive San Mateo
AM	AM	AM	AM
* 5 48	6 30	4 25	5 06
6 24	7 35	x 6 30	7 04
* 6 41	7 25	* 7 05	7 43
6 57	7 35	8 10	8 46
* 7 22	8 00	9 00	9 32
* 7 45	8 20	10 40	11 17
8 07	8 40	11 40	PM
* 8 25	9 00	PM	12 17
9 05	9 40	1 20	1 57
9 36	10 10	* 2 10	2 54
11 04	11 40	x 3 00	3 32
11 57	PM	3 25	3 55
PM	12 30	4 20	4 54
12 46	1 25	* 5 05	5 42
2 44	3 25	* 5 25	5 58
3 25	4 00	5 40	6 16
4 58	5 30	* 6 00	6 35
5 12	5 50	x 6 30	7 04
6 50	7 20	x 8 10	8 46
7 03	7 45	10 05	10 39
7 28	8 00	11 45	12 20
8 32	9 05		
11 22	11 55		

*Daily ex. Sunday—x connect at San Jose with Coast Line trains to Los Angeles—a Stop on Flag for points South of San Jose.

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SAN MATEO BANK
Cor. B St. and Third Ave. San Mateo

A general Banking, Exchange, Loan and Collection Business transacted. Foreign and Domestic Exchange bought and sold. Interest at current rates paid on Savings and Time Deposits. Safety Deposits Boxes to rent at $1.00 per year.

LOCAL ADVISORY BOARD
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NOTICE TO

TAX-PAYERS

TAXES 1913

Notice is hereby given that the Assessment Books of the County of San Mateo (real and personal) for the fiscal year 1913, have been received and the taxes on all personal property and one-half of the taxes on all real property are now due and payable and will be delinquent on the

Last Monday in November, 1913, at 6 o'clock P. M.

And unless paid prior thereto, 15 per cent will be added to the amount thereof. If the said first installment of taxes be not paid before the Last **Monday in April, 1914,** at 6 P. M., an additional 5 per cent will be added to the amount thereof. The remaining one-half of the taxes on real property will be payable on or after the **First Monday in January,** Next thereafter, and be delinquent on the **Last Monday in April, 1914,** at 6 o'clock P. M. and that unless paid prior thereto 5 per cent will be added to the amount thereof.

All taxes may be paid at the time the first installment, as herein provided, is due and payable.

If deed to your property was not recorded before March 1st, 1913, your name will not appear on assessment roll this year.

I will be in attendance to receive taxes at the following places and times:

Pescadero, Wednesday, October 22d, at Swanton House, from 1 p. m. to 5 p. m.

San Gregorio, Thursday, October 23d, at E. Montevaldo's, during forenoon.

Halfmoon Bay, Saturday, October 25th, at Bank of Halfmoon Bay, from 9 a. m. to 3 p. m.

South San Francisco, Wednesday, October 29th, at Town Hall, from 10 a. m. to 4 p. m.

San Bruno, Thursday, October 30th, at Justice Court Room, from 10 a. m. to 3 p. m.

Daly City, Saturday, November 1st, at Town Hall, from 9 a. m. to 4 p. m.

Colma, Monday, November 3d, at Belli's Store, from 10 a. m. to 3 p. m.

Burlingame, Wednesday, November 5th, at Town Hall, from 9 a. m. to 4 p. m.

San Mateo, Friday and Saturday, November 7th and 8th, at City Hall, from 9 a. m. to 4 p. m.

First Installment Taxes Delinquent November 24, at 6 p. m.

Address all communications regarding State and County taxes to

A. McSWEENEY,
County Tax Collector, San Mateo County.
REDWOOD CITY, CAL.